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THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

In binding up this volume it will be necessary to cancel the imperfect half-sheet mentioned in our last number, containing the "Death and Character of Lord Teunterden, by Sir Edgerton Brydges, Bart.," and substitute the corrected copy, which will be found stitched into the present number.

A communication is left with Messrs. Cochrane and M'Crone for N. M.

R. R. has sent us some *poetry*, for which he expects "the remuneration usually given to authors of similar contributions." We subjoin a specimen, and leave it with any friend of his own to state the remuneration he is entitled to:—

But sweeter far than all these things,
To babies, whether straight or bandy,
Is the maternal spoon, that brings
To innocence its sugar candy.

R. S. is likewise unfortunate in his muse:—

I lov'd;—but was my love return'd,—
Was I beloved by her?
With purer love heart never burn'd,
Or felt more keen *despair*.

Many articles received during the course of the last month, will be returned to their respective owners.

LABOUR, WAGES, AND TRADES' UNIONS.

It is the misfortune of those that adopt an anti-popular opinion to have their motives mistaken by the unreflecting, and misrepresented by the interested. We have endeavoured throughout to advocate, to the best of our ability, the rights of the humbler classes of society against what we conceived to be the undue influence of rank and wealth. The unjust preponderance of this influence has been adjusted by the Reform Bill—a measure for which the country cannot be too grateful. Its wholesome effects we are already beginning to experience in the flourishing state of our finance, and in the general prosperity of our commerce. But as friends to real freedom, we are equally bound to discountenance a monopoly whether of wealth or labour; both are unjust in principle, and tyrannical in execution; we therefore feel it an imperative duty to combat such measures, however unfriendly the spirit may be in which our motives are canvassed by those with whom we would more gladly be upon terms of companionship than of opposition.

I. *On the Study of Political Economy.*

MUCH has been written during the last few years to urge the importance, and induce a study of what is termed the science of political economy. It is not our intention here to enter into a recapitulation of the arguments already advanced, nor to add any new ones to them, in recommendation of this branch of inquiry. Life being in this world the first object of every one's impulse, and life being constantly dependant upon external resources for its continuance, it becomes at once a subject of interest to all to inquire what those external resources are, and how they may be most profitably appropriated to our use. These considerations form the basis of political economy. It is, therefore, undoubtedly a study of the first and most universal importance; and it would seem natural that being a study of such universal application and such common interest, it should also be so simple in its truths as to be generally appreciable by the common understandings of mankind. And so it would be if men would but view it so. It is a study which every man who wears a coat or a pair of shoes, or eats his loaf of bread, is daily illustrating by those very means, and which he ought to be able to understand if he but thought of it as he should do; that is, as a study as simple in its principles as the very illustrations of it, which, as we have said, he is daily affording. Then why is it that political economy, instead of being looked upon in this useful and comprehensive light, is regarded by all as abstruse and difficult, and avoided by many as dangerous and fanciful? It is because those who have stood forward as its *professors*, and arrogated unto themselves the sole dominion in this field of inquiry, have hitherto gratified their vanity by treating it as a sort of charmed or fairy ground, instead of a vast mart of bread, and beef, and shoes, and stockings. To simplify what in itself was by

nature so simple, they first deemed as unworthy, and soon found an impossible task ; but that which they could not simplify they have succeeded in elevating into some degree of doubt and mystery. By their theories not only have they rendered the subject itself one of some difficulty and complexness, but have so hemmed round the very portals to their speculative labyrinth with the niceties of definition, and distinctions, certainly "more nice than wise," that few thinking minds can pursue the inquiries they offer without doubting at the very outset upon matters which are wholly unimportant if not irrelevant to the subject. If our readers will take the trouble of opening any one of the treatises hitherto published upon this subject, they will find that the best half of the book is occupied by discussions of the above description, which have no concern with the facts or principles of the study itself, but only with the import of a few words, simple in themselves, which are attempted thus to be elevated into a technical preciseness. It is worthy also of remark that no two writers are found to agree upon the meaning of any one of these terms, and the consequence is that their several disciples are not only distracted by the verbal obscurity of their respective teachers at the very outset, but can have no community of sentiment between themselves, being deprived of a community of expression. A recent writer upon the subject,* who pretends to treat it in an especially popular manner, has not only encumbered his pages with a conflicting statement of all the definitions under which the study has been obscured by every writer from the time of Adam Smith to M'Culloch ; but, as if that were not enough to impress his readers with the difficulties of the inquiry, has added, of his own free will, a series of what he is pleased to call "axiomatic principles," by which all the homely operations and the homely resources of mankind are pretended to be regulated. Suffice it to say of this attempt—first, that the "axiomatic principles" in question are not "axiomatic" at all, inasmuch as many of them, so far from being self-evident, are easily controvertible ; secondly, that many of them are not at all applicable to the nature of the subject ; and, lastly, that none of them are attempted to be used as principles of argument in the few really "economical" discussions which follow. The failure of this work, we believe, has fully shown the absurdity of attempting to elevate into a *science*, in the usual acceptation of the term, a *study* so simple in its truths, yet heterogeneous in its materials, and so irresponsible in its various agents—as that of political economy.

We are aware that it has been attempted by another writer† to represent the truths of political economy in their truly homely and simple vigour, by means of illustrative fiction. These publications have fallen into a vast number of hands, and have undoubtedly done much towards familiarizing the subject :—how far they are free from error in their doctrine, we will not now inquire. It has been thought, however, that the field is yet open to another class of labourers, who, without the adornments of fiction or romance, should endeavour to present the grand truths of the subject before the eyes of those who

* Mr. Poulett Scrope.

† Miss Martineau.

are most interested in it, divested of the intricacies of theory, and the niceties of definition. The subject of the present essay is LABOUR—its USEFULNESS, and its REWARD.

II. VALUE.—*Labour an ingredient of, but not the standard of value.*

"The word value," says Adam Smith, "has two different meanings, and sometimes expresses the utility of some particular object, and sometimes the power of purchasing other goods, which the possession of that object conveys. The one may be called *value in use*; the other *value in exchange*. The things which have the greatest value in use have frequently little or no value in exchange; and, on the contrary, those which have the greatest value in exchange, have little or no value in use."

For instance:—"Water and air," says Ricardo, "are abundantly useful; they are indeed indispensable to existence; yet, under ordinary circumstances, nothing can be obtained in exchange for them. Gold, on the contrary, though of little use compared with air or water, will exchange for a great quantity of other goods."

So much of definition we have quoted, without comment from acknowledged authorities.

"The real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it. What anything is really worth to the man who has acquired it, and who wants to dispose of it, or exchange it for something else, is the toil and trouble which it can save to himself, and which it can impose on other people."—*Adam Smith.*

"Labour was the first price—the original purchase-money that was paid for all things."—*Ditto.*

"Labour alone, *never varying in its own value*, is alone the ultimate and *real standard* by which the value of all commodities can at all times and places be estimated and compared."—*Ditto.*

We have quoted these passages not so much with a view of controverting their principle, as by way of shewing how they are susceptible of misapprehension and error on the part of those who do not thoroughly enter into the spirit with which they were penned. When Smith says, that "real value of everything" is the labour of acquiring it, he does not mean to speak literally and of individuals; he means merely to assert the grand principle that the value of the whole mass of useful commodities in the world has its original cause in the labour with which they have been converted or appropriated from their natural source in the bounties of creation. The above rules will be found to hold strictly good, if we consider them in reference to a society in its primitive state, when to live from day to day was the sole object of daily solicitude, and the result of daily labour. That man should live by the sweat of his brow, was the Almighty ordinance in the beginning; and there was a time when every man, literally and individually, fulfilled this injunction of heaven. In course of time, however, as population increased, and as the principle of acquiring and retaining property obtained, and as dominion was assumed and allowed to man over his fellow men, the prophecy

was less literally, though not less implicitly obeyed. Individual man does not always live immediately by the daily sweat of his own brow, but the community does, and must ever continue, to live by the accumulated labour of its members. As, in course of time, luxuries were added to the mere necessities of life, and as amassed wealth descended from father and son without the purchase-price of labour, the richer man exchanged a portion of his goods for the labour of those who were poorer than himself, and dispensed with a portion of his superabundant luxuries, to avoid in his own person the general penalty of humanity.

This accumulation of commodities of exchangeable value is termed **CAPITAL**,—and capital therefore becomes an ingredient in the production of commodities, and consequently in their price.

Smith says, that “the real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it.”—“the toil and trouble which it can save to himself, and which it can impose upon other people.”

But the price paid by a man of capital for any particular service performed by a poorer man, is not to be considered as the precise sum at which he values his freedom from the toil of personally performing that service. Say, by way of example, that a rich man wishes to have his field dug. The price he pays the labourer for so doing we will suppose is two shillings a day. But it is evident that two shillings a day is not the precise amount at which he values his labour necessary for digging that field; for if so, upon the least advance of price—say to two shilling and sixpence a day—he would rather prefer to dig the field himself, than pay sixpence a day more than he valued his freedom from toil at.

Then, in this view of the case, what is there to prevent the labourer charging two shillings and sixpence, or three shillings, or five shillings, or any conceivable price, which the employer would be willing to give rather than work himself?—**COMPETITION**; there being always poor and unemployed hands ready, in case of such an exorbitant demand, to offer their services at a lower rate. Competition of the majority, therefore, as in the market of commodities, so also in the market of labour, is that which regulates the cost. And the more extensive the competition, the less will be the marketable price of the same labour at different points of time.

Labour in its application is so connected with different degrees of skill, and regulated by judgment, that in no two persons, in no two occupations, is it precisely of the same value. An imprudent man may spend much labour upon the production of a commodity which may be little esteemed by the rest of the world; and he will either find himself unable to dispose of it at all, or be obliged to exchange it at a price much less than he could have procured for the same amount of labour, had he directed it into more profitable channels.

The exchangeable value of labour, therefore, being fluctuating in itself, in regard to other commodities, cannot be considered in the light of the sole *standard* of value,—a standard being necessarily, by the definition of the word, fixed and unchangeable.

Under these circumstances we are rather inclined to adopt as the general definition of the word *VALUE*, that which Ricardo gives as the definition of value in certain things limited in quantity, as peculiar wines, pictures, antiques, &c., and assume generally, that the exchangeable value of all commodities is "wholly independent of the quantity of labour originally necessary to produce them, and varies with the varying wealth and inclinations of those who are desirous to possess them." For as in the case of scarce or unique articles, the price depends upon the inclination and ability to purchase of the buyer—so in articles of general consumption, the market price is fixed by the lowest price which a preponderating bulk of sellers are willing to take, and a preponderating bulk of buyers ready to give; insomuch that those who cannot afford, or do not choose to buy or sell on those terms, must go out of the market.

III. *The Market of Labour.*

The actual labour employed by the hodmen attendant upon builders in carrying bricks, mortar, &c. is much greater than that of the mason, who puts the materials together in the building; yet he receives less wages. The labour of the journeyman builder is much more than that of the master who superintends; yet the latter makes more by his day's business than he pays the former. The price which the master builder pays the journeyman builder for his day's work is not precisely what he (the former) would rather give than be obliged to do the work himself; the value of his own time is such that he would find it convenient, should necessity arise, to pay a considerably higher price for journeyman's labour, rather than do it himself. And if all hands were fully occupied in various businesses, and there were none to find as substitutes in case of any refusing to work, he would be obliged to give almost any price they might demand. This would be the effect of a monopoly; but such a monopoly never has and never can exist for any length of time in the natural course of things. It is true, and indeed it often happens, that, upon a sudden demand for any particular kind of labour, the price of that labour will immediately be somewhat increased beyond its usual standard. But it will continue at that advanced price at the utmost only so long as the increased demand exists; for immediately on the demand falling off, and there being less work than there are hands to do it, the most needy labourers will be willing to take the employment that remains at a lower price; and thus, by offering competition, oblige the rest of the craft to work for the same price. If, on the other hand, the demand should continue—nay, suppose even it was to go on increasing—the advance of wages could not continue very long. For idle persons, or some of those engaged in other less profitable sorts of business, would begin to turn their hands to this, and in due time offer a competition of supply, which must immediately reduce the wages to a fair, if not their usual level. Sometimes it will happen—such are the ever-balancing power and counteracting principles of nature—that by reason of the increased influx of hands induced by the temporary or increasing demand, the price of that particular species of labour will fall eventually below what it was before.

IV *Combinations amongst workmen cannot raise the market price of labour; their natural tendency being rather to depreciate it.*

If the whole labour of the country were fully employed in different manufactures, and a perfect unity and understanding were to exist, not only between the individual members of the different manufactures, but between the several bodies of trade, not to interfere or offer any competition with one another, they might increase their demand for wages to almost any conceivable price which the riches of the country could afford. Under such circumstances, combination would be successful for a time, in producing a considerable advance of price. But, fortunately for the world, and for the deluded persons who hope by combination to increase their wages beyond their fair exchangeable value, such circumstances never have, and never can be, found to exist. In the first place, the available labour of the country is not at any time fully occupied; and in the second place, whatever union or combination may exist between the members of particular trades, and particular grades of those trades, not to interfere with one another's profits, such an union can never be made to hold between the bodies of different trades, nor even between the different grades of the same business. If, therefore, any particular class of workmen were to combine and stand out for an increase of wages, and every individual of them were to agree, and stick to his agreement, not to work until such increased wages were given them, what would be the consequence? The master manufacturer would at the utmost be put to a temporary inconvenience;—the public would, perhaps, remotely feel the effects of that inconvenience. But it would not be long before a supply of hands would be found out of employment, or working in other trades, or in other branches of the same trade, at lower wages, who would gladly take the place of the refractory workmen. Their place would be easily filled up by hands hitherto in a still lower grade of employment, and at lower wages, till at last a quantity of new hands would be called into operation, from hitherto unemployed sources; whilst those who first refused to work are, probably, for a long time left to a precarious existence upon what resources they may have saved. But mark the consequence still further—for the change does not stop here. The refractory workmen being now—if they have had resolution to stand out so long—effectually forestalled by other hands, there is not the remotest hope of their getting the increased wages offered them which they demanded. But more—the market being now fully stocked with hands (as sooner or later it must be), there is very little or no demand at all for their services, even if they were willing to take employment on the original terms. There is now a double supply of hands in their particular department, and—such is the force of competition—that the instant they are reduced by poverty to offer themselves to their former employers, the price of wages must fall below what they were before; so that what with the competition of the new hands, who would be willing to take much less wages than they do, rather than the still low wages of their former occupation, and would therefore be continually underbidding them rather than lose their employment,—and what with

the natural disinclination of the master to discharge new and ready hands in favour of refractory and discharged persons, they would eventually be obliged to take employment at lower wages than ever, or live upon their own precarious resources, or *starve!*

Two cases in illustration of this principle have occurred in this metropolis within the last two months. The first was that of the stone-cutters employed at the new buildings in Charing Cross, who gave notice in the early part of the week of their intention to strike on the Saturday, unless higher wages were given them. Their employer met this announcement with very proper decision, and informed the men that he would not even retain them till the end of the week; but that as each man finished the piece of work he was about, he should quit the premises. This they did, when some of the ablest of the attendant labourers were invited to fill up their places, at the regular wages, which of course, being higher than those they had been accustomed to, they cheerfully agreed to. They soon became expert at the business, under the instruction of the superintendent, and the old hands were effectually supplanted. The other case happened at the London Gas-works, where the men struck for wages, left their work, and the town was in consequence in partial darkness for one night. The next day an entirely new set of hands were called in; the old hands were excluded, and in the course of a few days they were reduced to the greatest distress.

V. *Combinations further considered. If they are successful for a time in raising the nominal rate of wages in any place, their natural effect then is to drive the demand to another district, or to another community.*

We have hitherto treated only of the principle of combinations, and have, we trust, succeeded in shewing that the natural tendency of such a system of organization amongst any particular class of workmen, is to induce a new supply of hands, who, if necessity should occur, would be prepared to undersell the old hands upon their again applying for work. This principle was so obvious a one, that its fatal influence could not have been overlooked by the parties interested in combinations of this sort; and, accordingly, their business has ever been to counteract this natural power of re-action, and by all possible means oppose the admission of new hands to supplant them in their several lines of business. In some trades these attempts have at once most signally failed, as in the case of the stone-masons, already mentioned; in others they have borne a better semblance of permanence and success. Let us now consider the peculiar circumstances which may tend to favour or discourage combination. It must be obvious in the first place that in any line of business which may be quickly learned, or does not require long practice and apprenticeship, a supply of hands may be procured much more readily than in another which demands a longer course of instruction. In the former case, combination would be obviously futile; it would be like a set of men fighting for a monopoly, having really nothing to monopolize. On the other hand, in a business demanding a certain degree

of skill—this very skilfulness, which is only to be acquired by practice, becomes a valuable qualification in the hands of him who has acquired it; and this he may monopolize by all fair means in his power, till another set of men have had time to acquire the same degree of perfection. When that time arrives, however, this temporary monopoly must necessarily cease, unless by other means the fresh supply of skill and labour is kept out of the market. This has been attempted to be done, in various ways, by intimidation, and by inducements of pecuniary advantage. Intimidation, which was at one time carried on to an alarming extent, has now been nearly effectually checked by the operation of a wholesome enactment. The other means of bribing or inducing labour to keep out of the market, is still carried on extensively and systematically. Almost every trade has formed itself into an union, with each a general treasury, supported by contributions from workmen in employ, for the temporary relief or support of those who are out of work, whether of necessity, or in conformity to the rules of the association.

An article in the last number of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE contains a sufficient amount of evidence to prove the deplorable folly and utter inefficacy of these institutions. The evidence adduced before the House of Commons' Committee shows that in every case the objects for which these unions have been formed, have been defeated, after an obstinate resistance, worthy of a wiser and a better cause. At the risk of being thought almost redundant, we will now quote a few of these cases, in illustration of our arguments.

The history of the cutlers' trade of Sheffield is remarkable at once for the obstinacy with which the endeavour to force wages was carried on through a long series of years, and the total discomfiture of the combiners, in the event. Ever since the year 1810, the artisans engaged in the various branches of this trade have been either permanently or occasionally in a state of combination, for the purpose of raising or upholding wages. The most perfect organization was preserved amongst them, and the committee were indefatigable in their labours and inquiries, and met with the most liberal tolerance at the hands of the authorities, in the prosecution of what they considered their good cause. Nay, more,—the masters themselves have sometimes united, or at least concurred with their men, in this great scheme for bettering their condition. Yet what have been the result? The wages—though occasionally, and for very short periods, they have been forced above their natural pitch—have continued to fall lower and lower till 1831, and “have now reached a point of depression beyond the farthest to which they had ever before descended.” But mark the result still farther. By these combinations the workmen of Sheffield have called up a formidable rivalry against themselves, and “are driving certain branches of the hardware trade from that town to other parts of England. The trade in plated goods, for example, has already in great part migrated to Birmingham, where the wages are not more than one-half what a combination amongst the workmen compels the Sheffield masters to pay.”

A somewhat similar example occurs in the history of the carpet

manufacturers of Kidderminster, which we abridge from a respectable periodical*, who takes its facts from the House of Commons' Committee's Report:—The history of the strike in 1828 by the workmen in this trade reads an instructive lesson on the subject of combinations. The prices of carpets having been reduced in the market by the competition of the manufacturers in Scotland and Yorkshire, where the wages were about one-sixth lower than in Kidderminster, it became necessary for the manufacturers of the latter place to bring down the wages of their workmen to the same point. An announcement to that effect was accordingly made. Upon this, acting under the direction of the committee of their union, the weavers to the number of about 2,000 men and boys, all struck and left their work. The strike took place on the 25th of March. It is but justice to the workmen to state, that their conduct during the whole of this turn-out was perfectly peaceable; and it is, therefore, the more deeply to be regretted that, through an erroneous impression, they would have been led into a line of conduct which eventually induced so much misery upon themselves. After a short time, their little savings being expended, they were obliged to sell their furniture, and their sufferings became extreme. Even with all their sacrifices they were not able to hold out on their own resources alone. They were supported, it appears, by subscriptions from different parts of the country, which were distributed by the committee of the union, the allowance to a man with a family of three or four children being eighteen pence a week. A general meeting of the men was held weekly, at which the committee laid before them the state of their affairs. Discipline was enforced by strict orders issued by the committee; so that those who were inclined to work at the reduced wages were prevented by intimidation, if other means failed. In this way the turn-out was persisted in with obstinacy for some time, yet *the men were at last obliged, by absolute want and starvation, to give in.* They returned to their work about the middle of August, having been twenty-one weeks idle; and the only concession they obtained from their masters was an allowance of twenty shillings to every single man, and thirty shillings to every man with a family—a poor compensation for the five months' wages they had lost. But the consequences of this useless struggle did not end here. The masters made no profits during the continuance of the strike; business was at a stand still, and eventually both the weavers and the inhabitants of Kidderminster suffered considerable loss by the partial transference of the trade to other places, which took place during its suspension. The workmen themselves confess that the effect upon trade of their disagreements has been very bad, and that employment has never been so regular since as it was before.

The case of the shipbuilders and sawyers of Dublin is another, well worthy the consideration of the advocates of Trades' Unionists. We have not space to go into its details. Suffice it to say, that in consequence of the unreasonable demands of the workmen as to their own wages, added to other tyrannical restrictions as to the admission of apprentices, &c. which they tried to impose upon their masters, the

* The Companion to the Newspaper.

trade of shipbuilding, which was at one time carried on to a considerable extent at Dublin, has now been almost wholly driven away to other ports. And can we wonder at it, when the sawyers of Dublin stand out for wages at the rate of 4s. 2d. for the same work which is done at Liverpool for little more than half the money?

In the above cases it invariably appears, that where the system of combination has been introduced amongst the workmen of any particular district, it has had the immediate effect of throwing the demand for that species of labour into some other district, where the same circumstances do not prevail. These results, though they materially affect the relative interests of the individual manufacturers of those two places, will probably not extend their baneful influence to the national prosperity at large. The Sheffield workman is thrown out of employ, and industry at Sheffield is at a stand still. But straightway the orders which the Sheffield manufacturer cannot execute by reason of the combination amongst his men, are transferred to Birmingham, where lower wages are paid. The Birmingham workmen and the Birmingham manufacturers have increased business; and the capital which was formerly employed at Sheffield, is in due time carried to Birmingham. Under these circumstances, the workmen of a particular district are badly employed, but the public is equally well supplied with the article of their produce. But let us suppose a combination so extensively and so well organized, that no hands can be found throughout the kingdom to supply the place of the disaffected. Under such circumstances, the cost of that particular manufacture must be increased, and, as a necessary consequence, its supply must decrease, and not only amongst ourselves, but abroad. Foreign nations will be stimulated to manufacture for themselves, instead of importing from us; and the competition becomes one, not between Birmingham and Sheffield, or Manchester and Spitalfields, but between England and France, or Prussia, or Germany. The consequence is, that actual labour being from five to twenty-fold cheaper on the continent than here, the skill and practice being soon acquired, England is in due time deprived of her foreign customers—her export trade falls from her bit by bit. One illustration of this will suffice; it is contained in the evidence of Mr. Jackson, before the Committee of Manufactures:—

“I remember,” he says, “after a journey to the continent in 1826, I obtained considerable orders for what are called the billet webs (a particular description of saw); we could at that time compete both with the German and the French manufacturers; but on arriving at home, business was good, and the workmen refused to manufacture these articles, excepting by a certain process, which, *being more expensive, rendered us altogether unable to supply the French market with that article. Since that, the French manufacturers have so much improved, that competition is out of the question.*”

It may be urged, in reply to this argument, that it does not apply universally, but only to such articles of manufacture as are generally subject to exportation. This is *prima facie*, a fair enough objection; and wishing to treat the subject upon the broadest possible grounds, we will endeavour to show that the principle still holds good in all

cases; though certainly more remotely in some than in others. Let us take an individual and well known instance, a trade which is spreading rapidly, not only in England but throughout the world—PRINTING. Why is it that French books are so much cheaper than ours—that but for the prohibitory duties which is put upon their importation, books of English manufacture would be put entirely out of the market by a cheaper foreign supply? It is, that besides the greater cheapness of the raw materials, and the exemption from taxes under which the home manufacturer labours, the price of journeymen's labour in Paris is not much more than half what it is in England, whilst their expertness, and their perfection in the art being equal if not superior to ours, the result is eminently in their favour. Then why, it may be asked, is it, that in woollen, hardware, and other manufactures of a like kind, they do not equally excel us in cheapness as in printing; the raw material being equally cheap to them as to us, and labour so much cheaper? It is because the perfection of our machinery is as yet far in advance of theirs,* and that, consequently, with an equal number of higher paid hands, we are enabled, as yet, far to surpass them both in the quantity and quality of our produce. But what good grounds have we to expect that this superiority should continue for ever undisturbed? Why may not France, as she already equals us in the art of printing, one day equal us in the application of machinery to other purposes? There is not only no one reason to offer against such a prospect, but, on the contrary, experience already shows that there is every probability that such a state of things may not be far distant.

It is a notorious fact that the hardware manufactures, both of France and of Prussia, are fast advancing upon our own. In some of the finer articles of cutlery we are already in part supplied by France; and, on the other hand, the foreign demand for some of our articles of brass ornament, as those for doors, &c., has almost entirely been superseded by the competition of foreign manufacturers.

What is it that urges the foreign manufacturer to compete with us in our hitherto peculiar articles of exportation? why, the hope of making them cheaper at home than he can buy them from us. Then how should we best oppose such competition? why, by keeping our prices as low as possible, by every means in our power, not only in the cheapness of our actual labour, but in employing it by means of machinery to the most extensive advantage. There must, indeed, be "*a union*" amongst our manufacturers to enable us to bear up against the competition which rival nations oppose to us; but it must be a real union of interests, not of parties—a union of interests, not a clashing of them.

This brings us to another view of the case, and the final consideration, that:—

* There is evidently another cause that operates in England to give us a superiority in cheapness and excellence of production over any other nation—and that is our command of CAPITAL. This consideration, however, is not essential to our present view of the case, and may be treated of in a subsequent article.

VI.—*Cheapness in the cost of a commodity does not necessarily incur low wages to the producer of it.*

We will grant, for the present, that in some branches of industry a combination among the labouring hands may tend to keep up their wages; that is, they will not work for less than a certain price;—well, nobody can force them to work for a less price than they choose, and if the manufacturer cannot get other hands to work for a less price than they demand, he must give them what they demand, or, mark the alternative,—*leave the work undone*. In a land of liberty no man can be obliged to work for less money than he chooses to take. Very true. But also in a land of liberty no man is forced to buy what he thinks too dear, or dearer than his means will afford. Let not the labourer in any particular trade suppose, that by refusing to work for less than a certain sum, he obliges the public to pay him that sum. No; the public will, if not wholly, at least partially, dispense with that particular kind of service, and the labourer will go unemployed, and unpaid. It has been fallaciously supposed that the cheapness of a manufactured article necessarily incurs the consequence of low wages to the artisan. That such is not the case hardly needs proof in the present enlightened age. The cheapness of the article certainly depends in great measure upon the cost of the labour bestowed upon it; but that price of labour depends not immediately upon the price paid to the individual labourer for his day's services, but to the quantity of that day's labour bestowed upon the particular article in question. If, by means of mechanical contrivance, a day's labour be made to produce twelve times as many of a particular description of article as heretofore, without the use of such machinery, it is evident that the expense of manufacturing one of those articles may be reduced twelve-fold, and yet the actual wages of the labourer remain the same. Thus the public is benefited by being able to purchase five or six times as many of that article as before, and the labourer may still be adequately remunerated for the hand he has had in its production. But the benefit of cheapness does not end here; it is a system of reciprocity which spreads its branches and their fruits throughout all the relations of society. If the stocking weaver is enabled to sell half-a-dozen pair of stockings for the price he formerly got for one pair; and the hatter to sell two hats for the former price of one; of course the stocking weaver can afford to wear two hats in the year instead of one; whilst the hatter walks about in undarned hose, having a dozen pair instead of a couple in his wardrobe. Moreover, he will perhaps be able to purchase commodities of a more luxurious kind, which he never could before.

But what become of those trades who refuse to join this general union of interests, and who jealously hold themselves aloof from the march of production? They refuse to sell their labour and their commodities cheaper, and consequently there are fewer of their commodities purchased and fewer of their hands employed. The rest of their body, we will suppose, are supplied with the mere necessities of life from the general fund; and the question arises, whether a hundred men are better off, each employed, and receiving twenty shillings a

week for his individual labour ; or fifty of them, or say eighty of them, being employed at thirty shillings a week, with the unemployed hands, from twenty to fifty in number, dependant upon them for support? This, we say, is the question for that particular body of men. The question for the public is of a wider import. The connexion between all branches of trade and manufacture is so universal and so sensitive, that not one particular branch can suffer check or hinderance without affecting in some degree every other link in the chain of exchange. We will take printing, or the manufacture of books, again, as our illustration. On the printer directly depends the paper-maker, the type-founder, the ink-manufacturer, the press-joiner. On the paper-maker directly depends the engineer, the druggist and the rag-merchant ; and on the rag-merchant, in some measure, depends the cotton-weaver and draper. The type-founder employs the miner to procure his metals and his coals ; the ink-manufacturer employs the oil-merchant, and through him the whale-fishers, and others employed in shipping. All these parties, and many more are, to be employed before the book is printed. After it is printed there are the bookbinders, booksellers, and others to have a hand in the business and the profits of production before the book finds its way to the book-shelves of the reader. It must be obvious, therefore, that everything that can facilitate the cheap multiplication of books must give additional employment to all these branches of industry, cause an increased demand for hands, reduce the number of idlers in the community, and, by reducing the number of candidates for labour and wages, increase the value of the latter, and eventually not only enrich and improve the state at large, but the condition of its individual labourers also. The experience of late years in this very branch of production will be found fully to bear out this train of reasoning. By the introduction of what is termed machine printing, whereby two men and a boy can throw off five or six times as many copies of a work in a given time as could formerly be done by the common hand-press ; and by the invention of stereotype copies of the type-forms of the work itself, the multiplication of books is increased in quantity and cheapness beyond all that could have been anticipated. When these methods of production were first introduced, they were viewed with jealousy and alarm by the workmen already in employ under the old system, who naturally thought that if one man could now do the work of ten, the other nine would be thrown out of work and left to starve. But they forgot one very material point in the case—that as there has been no limit as yet assigned to production, so there is no assignable limit to demand. The natural limit to production is, in all cases, the demand—and the demand is limited by the cost. If one man can be made to do the work of ten in the way of production, it is not unreasonable to say that twenty men can afford to purchase a book at a penny for one that could buy it at sixpence. The number of *employers* is thereby multiplied twentyfold, and it follows most arithmetically that, instead of the number of *employed* being reduced to a tenth of what they were before, they must be increased twofold to meet the increased demand. But this is not all. We have seen that printers are

doubled in number, because one man can do the work of ten. But the printers are not alone benefited by it. The paper-makers, type-founders, bookbinders, and booksellers have increased employment, and that in a greater proportion than the printers. The printers, we have supposed, are increased twofold, but then their productions are increased twentyfold. Therefore, the increased employment for bookbinders, type-founders, paper-makers, &c. is twenty times what it was before. Think how many idle hands this takes out of the market of labour, many of whom would have offered themselves to the printing business amongst others, but have now found employment elsewhere—and, by leaving the printer's labour-market less glutted, have left the prices of labour better than they otherwise have been.

Society at large benefits yet more strikingly. Wretches who formerly went about with uncovered heads and feet, can now afford the luxury of hat and stockings; and those who had formerly enough to do to cover the outsides of their heads, can now afford to store the insides of them with useful and pleasurable instruction. This growth of knowledge in return nourishes and stimulates the genius of invention, and thereby improves the power of production. It is thus that the fields for consumption and the fields for production are alike inexhaustible. It is thus that luxuries are day by day added to necessities, and that the productiveness, the wants, and the comforts of the whole community are continually increasing.

SONNET: ON THE DEATH OF * * * *

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

In man's strange fickle destiny perchance
 Crosses befall that suddenly o'ercloud
 A brilliant course, and bring on black despair;
 Then comes the weariness of life, and prayer
 To have it ended: eyes that wont to glance
 O'er a career with lofty glory proud,
 Shrink, wither, pine, and faint with grief and care,
 Then seek the calm of the inclosing shroud.
 Neglect—dishonour—the averted sight—
 The voice that hailed with cheerfulness, grown mute,
 Turn the gay beams of day to chilling night,
 And crush the joy of every fond pursuit.
 If some slight ray a moment's warmth impart,
 It turns the sickness back redoubled to the heart.

Geneva.

LEAVES FROM A LOG.—No. II.

WE arrived at Old Guiana, where stands an irregular fort, neither in appearance, or in fact, a very strong post; but, remarkable, as being the last hold the Spaniards possessed on the Orinoco. Our friend the Llanaro quitted us for the purpose of bartering with the pretended crew of a privateer, whose small brigantine was at anchor in the river opposite the fort called San Carlos. The people had brought the entire of their cargo on shore for the purpose of selling it, and (as they said) of evading the duties; a more suspicious looking set of fellows I never met. Their captain was in height above the middle standard, but, from his disproportionate breadth of chest and stoutness of limbs, he appeared rather below it. He seemed of irresistible strength, but his figure did not betoken activity. His features were large, hard, and heavy; his hazle eyes were so small and so overhung by immense brows, that they were scarcely visible; nor did he seem to wish they should be seen, for he scowled and looked down incessantly. His complexion was so swarthy that, at first view, one might be led to doubt whether it was darkened by toil and climate, or if his tint resulted from his mixed African and European race; yet, after examination, his light hair and eyes, and somewhat hooked nose, soon convinced me that no African blood flowed in his veins. His voice was gruff and low; he spoke as occasion required to those around him in Spanish, French, and English rather fluently, but yet in such an imperfect manner that it seemed neither was his mother-tongue. I have seen men who have done dreadful deeds, but no one did I ever behold on whose form nature had written "villain" so legibly.

The appearance of the rest of the crew, though not quite so repulsive as their captain, was far from prepossessing. Here stood four or five negro sailors, whose dialect, oaths, affected strut, and swagger, at once convinced me they were runaway slaves from some English island. When these people wish to pass for free men, they generally so over-act their part that it requires no great shrewdness to detect them. The rest of the crew, about thirty in number, were of all nations—Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Dutch, and men whose country I could not ascertain. I have said they pretended to be privateersmen, and were, what is called, *running their cargo*; but the way which they disposed of their valuable commodities to the inhabitants of Old Guiana caused suspicions that they were something worse than either smugglers or privateersmen.

Here stood a little Portuguese on a pile of Indian goods acting the part of an auctioneer, speaking in mixed Spanish, knocking down merchandize to the first bidder, while a Dutchman acted as his clerk; and though the articles were sold about one-tenth of their value, the honest Hollander put down their prices even lower in his dirty pocket-book. Both the auctioneer and his assistant were smoking—the one a *meerscham* pipe, and the other a long cigar.

There seemed to be a very good understanding between them ; they joked and laughed together continually.

There stood a tall and slender Corsican selling brandy, Madeira, and French wines at the reasonable rate of three reals (about fifteenpence) the pailful. To facilitate sales, several pipes and other casks were scuttled, that is, square holes were cut in the bulge big enough to admit the largest bucket, with which he was bailing out the liquors to his customers. The captain was bargaining with an Angosturian dealer, whose launch lay in the river, offering him several hundred jars of grapes at a real the jar, and a quantity of dried fruit at much the same rate. In another place stood a French sailor trying to sell a mass of various kinds of trinkets and jewellery (thrown in an old hat-box) at one-third of the value of their metal.

"Do you wants to buy a watch, Sir?" said one of the negroes I have just described, at the same time putting into my hands an old-fashioned chronometer, made by *Harrison*, with heavy gold cases ; while curiosity induced me to examine it, he added, "I wants money, Sir, or I wouldn't part with *her*. Our second lieutenant there, Tom Wilson, says she keeps good time, and will tell you where you are, let you be where you will. I dosen't understand the watch myself, because I runn'd away from school young, which is so long ago that I quite forgets how to read. Howsomdever, you shall have that watch for ten dollars : she is worth the money, the outside you see is *yeller* ; for what I knows she may be gold." I perceived that the chronometer was capped, jewelled, and exquisitely finished. The devil, who is an excellent casuist, whispered in my ear that it was worth 80*l.* or 100*l.*, and the fellow not knowing its value might break it up ; but conscience will intrude upon bargains of this nature, and the idea of buying from a pirate a watch plundered from some captain, who, perhaps, was murdered by the wretch with whom I was at that moment in communication, was not the most pleasant reflection in the world. I returned him the chronometer, and kept my dollars.

During this man's conference with me, he pointed to his second lieutenant, whom I had not before observed ; as he was slowly promenading a little distance from the rest of the crew, regardless of their occupations. There was something in this man's appearance different from the rest of his party. Curiosity impelled me to direct my way towards him. We crossed each other's path ; and he, with some politeness, saluted me first in Spanish ; but instantly observing by my dress, I suppose, that I was an Englishman, repeated in English, "Good day, Sir." Brief as were these words, their accent, and the slight bow that accompanied them, indicated that he was not of the herd : his appearance confirmed this. He was about five feet nine inches in height, and of a remarkable good figure ; his features were what might be called "aristocratic." He had a fine high forehead, and rather a large though well-formed nose, with this peculiarity, that it descended in a straight line from his forehead without any indentation near the brows ; his eyes were full, dark, and expressive ; his hair and eyebrows were of a glossy black, so were his whiskers which were full and curly. His dress, although plain, and cut after the fashion of that of a common sailor, was of the best materials,

nearly new, remarkable for neatness and even taste. Few men who possess a form that sets off dress to advantage, are negligent with regard to personal appearance, in whatever situation of life they are placed. The same motive that induces the handsome dandy to spend two or three hours at his toilet, causes the well-looking foremast-man of a line-of-battle ship to take pains in his apparel. This, too, may be said of well-made negroes, priests, and even Quakers.

The schooner I sailed in had anchored lower down in the river to take in a cargo of mules, and as some time would elapse before the forage could be cut and the animals shipped, I had plenty of time to stroll about the town and adjoining places before it was necessary to return to the craft. It was burning hot, and being rather fatigued, I sought the shelter of a thick-spreading tree amidst a jungle, through a bush of which I could discern the waters of the Orinoco, with their forest fringes, and the many-coloured birds that flitted from bank to bank.

Scarcely was I laid down, when I heard the sound of voices, which I immediately recognized as belonging to the ferocious-looking captain and the Dutchman, who acted as auctioneer's-clerk. They entered into another part of the copse, and without seeing me, began their conversation; it was of a kind not intended for a third pair of ears. However, I thought there was more danger in quitting the spot after their conference had commenced than remaining. This respectable pair spoke what is called "*Plattdeutsch*," a kind of German *patois*, in which at one time I could discourse fluently, and yet understand. Whether they conversed in low German because the captain was a German, or for secrecy, knowing this *vernacular* to be little understood in the New World, or from both these causes, I know not; but I will give the substance of their discourse in English, omitting the oaths (many of them quite untranslatable), with which these men embroidered their discourse.

"Is it possible," said the Dutchman, "that you can resolve about sinking the "*Meerchaumer*"* in the Orinoco? What can induce you to do so?"

"The brigantine," replied the captain, "is rather a dull sailer; besides, she begins to be too well-known—I would not venture again in the 'blue-water' for fear of the English cruisers; besides, my agent has bought us a sharp-built Baltimore schooner, which is waiting for us at Angostura."

"Why do you not," rejoined the Dutchman, "sell the brigantine; she will fetch three or four thousand dollars, which will be something to share amongst us."

"Dutchman-like," said the captain; "you are always thinking how to make the most of everything. You don't consider, that by securing our money, and getting the carpenter to bore a hole in her before we get to Angostura, we shall avoid some awkward inquiries respecting a few captures we have made, that might induce even the Colombian authorities (indulgent and negligent as they are), to string us up at the yard-arm. We found bribing the officers at Yaya, to let

* This word signifies sea-skimmer, and figuratively a pirate.
M. M.—No. 101.

us pass without putting disagreeable questions, easy enough ; but at Angostura, though not as exact in those matters as at the custom-house at Amsterdam, it is not quite so likely that men of our description will pass without scrutiny."

"And you intend to embark the whole of us on board the Baltimore clipper?" asked the Hollander.

"All," replied the captain, "but that Englishman, Tom Wilson."

"What! discard Tom Wilson!"

"Not discard him," said the pirate. "I mean (swearing a dreadful oath) to do for him."

"I thought him your favourite officer. I am sure he's the best sailor on board ; besides, he saved your life at Maracaibo."

"Very true, so he did ; and he is as active an officer and as good a seaman as ever paced a deck ; cool in danger, bold and skilful in engagement ; and when he boards an enemy, woe betide those who oppose him ; but he is dangerous—we *must* get rid of him!"

"What," is he treacherous? If I thought so my pistol——"

"None of your vapouring, *Van-der-Plaank*, I don't yield to *you* in courage ; but I would no more encounter Wilson openly when his blood is up, than I would jump on board a ship on fire, when the flames have reached the powder-room. No, no, Tom must be dealt with differently. The little Portuguese, Lopez, has planned the matter with the black cook, so as to wound him with a pin steeped in Indian arrow poison, when we get on board to-night. I will tell you my reasons for this ; though Wilson is a devil when in action, yet, no sooner does an enemy strike, but he grumbles if we make them walk the plank, and has saved many by his foolish scruples. This won't do for us ; a rover's maxim should be, '*dead men tell no tales*!' Besides, since the last affair of putting the captain of the *Yankee steamer* in his own boiler, Tom has become gloomy and discontented ; he threatens, and, I believe, intends to leave us. Now, as I know him to be a man above any act of treachery, I would allow him to quit us, if he pleased ; but he might ruin us without intending it. You remember he was wounded in the head during the engagement with the Dutch *letter-of-marque* we took off Carthagena. I thought he would never have recovered ; but the Spanish barber-surgeon on the north side of Cuba, spliced a piece of silver in his brain-case ; he got partly well ; but whenever he takes the smallest quantity of grog, or is in any way sick, or when troubled with the night-mare, he is apt to blab all manner of nonsense, which, though well enough amongst ourselves, would perhaps blow us all up if heard by strangers ; this makes me resolved on puncturing him in his sleep. The fact is, '*poor devil*,' he suffers so much from his wound in the skull, is so troubled with ugly dreams, and so often driven mad by '*remorse*' (this expression he spoke in English) as *he* calls it, that to put him out of his misery is, after all, only an act of common humanity!—But the breeze freshens," said this humane man, "and it is time to embark. The people have disposed of their goods, and if we stay much longer on shore, *Glasgow* and the rest of the black fellows will be getting groggy, and they will be troublesome to get off."

Saying this, the worthy pair left the copse the way they entered it without seeing me; thus relieving me from a terrible situation. Had they discovered me, I don't suppose they would have inquired whether I understood them; but as they were armed and I was not, I should have doubtless been dispatched in accordance with their prudent maxim, "dead men tell no tales!"

After a pause I ventured to draw a long breath, which I scarcely dared to do while the villains were within ear-shot. I did not so much wonder at overhearing that they were pirates—this I suspected the moment I got near them; but the captain coolly declaring his determination of murdering his brave companion who had saved his life, while this treacherous and bloodthirsty vagabond persuaded himself that he was doing what he called an act of common humanity, was a trait in the history of human nature quite new to me.

The breeze that the pirate had noticed was springing up, and I went down to the beach to seek the companions of my overland jaunt, and find the Englishman, whose life was to be attempted by his comrade. Scarcely had I made the beach ere I saw the lieutenant of the pirate brigantine in conversation with the cockswain of a boat in which were seated my two companions. I went to the shore; Wilson was coming from it; I informed him of the conversation I overheard as briefly as I could; he heard me with a coolness that astonished me, while his lips curled with a bitter smile. After a pause, he exclaimed:

"Miserable wretch! I saved his life! no matter—I thank you, although I was already acquainted with his intentions respecting me; the negro cook, whom the captain and the Portuguese were to have made the instrument of my destruction, was once saved from being flogged by my interference; the man has some gratitude, and has informed me of their plan. I have half a mind to blow that murderous traitor's brains out;" and he clutched his pistol with a desperate energy.—"No, that act might betray what we all are, and involve the whole in ruin.—I intend leaving them; I thank you, Sir, for the concern you have shown for my safety."

"Pardon that concern," said I, "if it causes me to say, from admissions I overheard, made by the man who planned your death, that I judge you to be formed by nature for something better than a pirate." The mariner turned aside his face.—"Let me warn you, ere it be too late, to turn from the terrible trade you have chosen; you have just escaped from death—you have yet time for repentance."

The pirate's countenance again assumed a bitter smile.—"Repentance!"—he paused—and then burst into a half-frantic laugh.—"Repentance!—no!—remorse I *have* felt—to madness!" He struck his forehead with his hand, and his eyes gleamed with insanity. "But repentance! when one drop of water can quench the eternal flame of hell, then may *repentance* wipe off the load of crime that hangs on *this* heart!—Farewell, friend; I am grateful to you, and I would offer you my hand, but it is red, even to the wrist, *with blood!*" Saying this, the unhappy man abruptly left me; and joining my companions in the boat, the strong current of the Orinoco, aided by four lusty oars, soon bore me back to the schooner I had quitted.

A GLANCE AT SOME OF OUR PARISIAN CON- TEMPORARIES.

BERANGER—VICTOR HUGO.

WE would fain give the English reader some idea of the untranslatable Beranger, the celebrated chansonnier who enjoys so much popularity among his countrymen. Some critics have compared him to Anacreon, but the comparison seems by no means just or appropriate: it is true they both sing of love and wine, both admire a sparkling eye and a sparkling glass, but here all their similarity ends. Anacreon is a heartless and selfish debauchee,—he has no wishes but for the bottle, no desire but for the smile of his mistress: but Beranger has more soul, more feeling; his thoughts take a higher range and his admiration a wider circle; when he raises the goblet to his lip, it is to drink a flowing bumper to the welfare of his country, and he finds time even in the arms of his Lisette to sing of the glory or to weep for the misfortunes of France. Though he possesses, in some degree, the licentiousness of the Greek poet, yet his keen and polished satire of men and manners, and his ardent and unconquerable love of liberty render him immeasurably his superior. If we must draw a comparison between Beranger and another bard, we would say that he resembles Burns more than any other we are acquainted with. They were both born in the lap of poverty and cradled in its blast, and into both their bosoms the spirit of song descended, and rendered each the glory of his country. Liberty, love, wine, and good fellowship are the muses which inspire them; both are occasionally coarse, but oftener tender and sublime, though we must say that Beranger never composed anything so beautiful as the lines "To Mary in Heaven," or so natural and tender as the "Cotter's Saturday Night."

The character of the man is impressed upon his writings; and fully to appreciate him, we ought to know some particulars of his history. We will give the few facts we have been able to glean respecting him.

P. J. de Beranger, as he himself informs us, in the song entitled, "*Le Tailleur et la Fée*," was born in Paris on the 19th of August, 1780, at the house of his maternal grandfather, a tailor, and this is all we know of his ancestry. Notwithstanding the aristocratic particle "De," which is prefixed to his name, he has no pretensions to nobility of birth; and in one of his most satirical and cutting songs he takes the trouble to inform all whom it may concern, that he is "*vilain et roturier*." A lad, with a mind so poetical as his, could find no pleasure in the operation of stitching coats and mending old breeches. Accordingly we find that his earlier youth was passed in a more intellectual, though quite as humble an employment, *viz.* a journeyman printer, which he afterwards quitted to accept of a situation as clerk, or *commis*, in a banking-house. Such has been his profession ever since, but the dry detail of calculating profit and loss have in no degree blunted his poetical powers. Song has been his delight, his solace, and his comforter—he has lived for song, and song has repaid him in her own coin for all the difficulties and trials which he has had to

encounter. He has thrice, we believe, been incarcerated by the Bourbons for his political satires; but each successive imprisonment has served no other purpose than to increase his popularity. A merry life he led in prison, though condemned to the meagre fare of bread and water—for scarcely an hour passed, during his confinement, that the doors of St. Pelagie were not besieged by his admiring friends, laden with good things, and the sparkling wine he had loved so well, to cheer his heart in his narrow dungeon. Many were the bribes held out to him if he would turn traitor to the cause of the people, and wield his formidable pen in the service of despotism and the Bourbons; but he has ever been proof to them all, and has preferred honourable poverty to such despicable wealth. Like a true philosopher, he loved his independence: and, like Diogenes of old, he only wishes the great to get out of his sunshine, and asks no further favors from them. When all France was dazzled by the splendour of Napoleon's victories, and kings and nations were crouching at his feet, and tamely paying court to their master, the poet dared to satirize the faults of his government in so masterly a burlesque, "*Le roi d'Ivetot*," that the mighty Emperor winced upon his throne before the unsparing lash of the obscure chansonnier. The same noble feeling which made him ridicule the monarch's faults in the zenith of his glory and splendour, made him look with a weeping eye and a bleeding heart upon his sad reverses and unhappy fate, and France contains no heart which beats with more reverential feeling at the name of Napoleon than Beranger's.

Beranger is licentious—very much so—but when we examine more closely, pieces which at first sight may have offended our delicacy, we find that they are not so much the expression of his individual feelings, as they are able satires of the licentiousness and debauchery of the times;—he first draws a glowing picture of the vices of the great city, and then he loosens the flood-gates of ridicule upon them, and among the French ridicule is more potent than execration; or, as some author observes—"un ridicule est pire qu'un crime." The songs of Beranger are the mirror of his times—the very epitome of Paris; with the eye of an artist and the heart of a poet, he walked through the crowded city;—he accommodated his genius to the spirit of the people—with the chivalrous workman and the enthusiastic journalist. He raised the hymn of Liberty; with the gay philosopher he sang of wine and beauty, and with all he raised his voice against the pretensions of the priesthood, and the insolence of the aristocracy. All "*La jeune France*" exists in his pages. *La jeune France* is gay, thoughtless, often enthusiastic, and ever moved to noble daring by the cry of freedom, and so is Beranger. Hence his popularity is not posthumous—he enjoys it now because he has so completely identified himself with the extraordinary and changeful age in which he lives. He is a man of the people—he speaks their language, and sustains their interests. But what perhaps contributes to his popularity as much as any other circumstance is, that he is poor—this to an Englishman, who considers poverty on a par with crime, may appear paradoxical, but the respect for wealth is not carried to such an extreme on the Continent as it is with us; and I would venture to assert, that

if Beranger to-morrow possessed wealth and honours, his popularity would diminish in the same proportion as his gold increased.

Criticism may be said to abdicate two-thirds of its prerogative when it refrains from finding fault ; but Beranger has already passed through the ordeal, and it would ill become a foreigner, who cannot be supposed to enter into the spirit of his country's feelings, to cavil against what his own compatriots have so unanimously approved, for most of his songs are decidedly political. His bacchanalian and amatory effusions, take a wider though less noble range, and of them we are competent to judge more impartially. Their distinguished mark is, they are so eminently social ;—Beranger could not drink and sing alone in his bower like Anacreon—he must have others to share his glee, and participate in his "*ivresse*." He has too much *bonhomie*, to drink for drinking's sake, and too much philosophy to get absolutely drunk, for he makes wine his friend, not his master. We would fain translate "*Le Sénateur*," "*Le Marquis de Carabas*," "*Les petits Cours*," "*Plus de Politique*," and many others ; but into English he is really untranslatable—that is, to do him justice. We have seen many attempts, but all failures ; those who can read French will want no counsel to read him in the original ; and to those who cannot do so, we would apply the peer's remark to the young poet, who solicited his patronage. "Sir," said his Lordship, "you should study Spanish." The poet applied himself, and in a short time rendered himself master of the language, and full of hope presented himself to his patron, and in high glee informed him of the progress he had made. "Then," said his Lordship, "I envy you the pleasure of reading *Don Quixote* in the original."—Reader, if you do not know French, learn it—and the perusal of Beranger will alone repay you for the trouble.

VICTOR HUGO is the chief of what is called "*L'école romantique*," which may be designated the Whig, or rather radical party of the French litterateurs, as the opposite party of the Académie may be denominated the Tory. The dissensions between the two are numerous and violent—the Academy accusing the Romantiques of barbarism and bad taste ; while the Romantiques, with Victor Hugo at their head, accuse the Academicians of tameness, and a mean servility to the milk-and-water maxims of Boileau. But we must leave them to their wrangling, our present object being only to examine the writings of this very original author. We might very justly compare Victor Hugo's productions to some old gothic cathedral of the middle ages, with its heavy and massive towers, its gloomy arches and ponderous doors, and its old tombs of knights and warriors, with the sunshine streaming on them through the blue, green, and crimson of the high gothic windows. All his writings are in this lumbrous and costly style ; they have none of the simplicity and elegance of more modern times ; all is dark, cumbersome, and striking.

One fault he is very free from ;—when he is melancholy, it is in a manly mood ; he has none of the puling tea-table sensibility, which in a wishy-washy flood deluges the works of some of his contemporaries ; his grief is that of a man, not of a love-sick and moping miss, who longs to be free from the trammels of the boarding-school ;—his whole intellect is of a bold and masculine stamp, and what he may some-

times want in softness and grace, he more than repays in freshness and energy. His fame does not rest upon his poetry alone; he has tried and succeeded in several branches of literature, and we shall accordingly pass his productions in review, considering him as a novelist, a dramatist, and a poet.

To begin with his novels—we have perused attentively his “*Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*,” “*Hans d'Icelande*,” “*Notre Dame de Paris*,” and one or two others, and we finished them with an impression that the author instead of being looked upon as the chief of the “*école romantique*,” might with greater propriety be considered the founder of the “*école horrible* ;” there is throughout such a striving to excel in the portraiture of the horrible, such a frenzy to show poor humanity in its most revolting shapes, merely to satisfy the vitiated taste of the public. He is as cruel in his descriptions as the surgeon would be who would dissect a man alive for no other purpose than to show his auditory the horribly picturesque distortions of the poor devil's limbs, and to regale their ears with each peculiar scream or groan which the unhappy wretch might vent as the knife touched some more than usually sensitive part of his devoted frame. This is his great fault, and it is the fault of all his disciples and imitators (and he has many), as every man of a truly original talent is sure to have. The French are said to be a light and frivolous people, but their present works of fiction most certainly do not bear the impress of such a character. The writings of Hugo, Balzac, Dumas, and others of the same description, would not continue to issue in such shoals from the press if the public had not a relish for the highly seasoned messes which they contain.

Another peculiarity which serves to distinguish Victor Hugo, is the immense number of old words which he brings into circulation; he ransacks with all the rapture of an antiquary all the ancient archives, the old wills, and the musty documents which aged minsters or rare black letter can supply; and when he meets with a word which, in his opinion, should not be suffered to fade into oblivion, he does not hesitate in the least to rake it up from its grave and transfer it to his own pages. For this we are very far from blaming him;—there are good old expressive words in every language which we moderns, and our more immediate progenitors have suffered to fall into disuse; some of them are gems and gold of a right good mintage, and the writer who restores them to the place of honour, renders a service to his language and its literature. There are several words in Chaucer and Spenser which we would rejoice to see again in general circulation, and we would think the country indebted to the writer who should re-introduce them. But this, in the eyes of Messieurs de l'Académie is one of Victor Hugo's greatest faults, and they accordingly accuse him of deteriorating the French language;—we should rather say that he improved it. This circumstance most probably is the reason that he is so obscure to the majority of English readers, and is, moreover, the cause of his being so wretchedly translated.

“*Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné*” enjoys as much popularity as any of his novels, if novel it may be called. It is the anatomy of a man's feelings on the day preceding that which must launch him into

eternity, by the hands of the "deathsmen," as our ancestors forcibly designated the executioner. The excruciating agony and horror with which a guilty man might count the fleeting seconds between him and dissolution—the despair with which he might hear each toll of the bell, and the frenzy in which he might curse the too rapid flight of time, are, we think, admirably expressed. It did not enter into the author's plan that the unhappy being should enjoy the solace either of philosophy or religion: he deprives him of all hope and comfort; and with the desire of rendering the picture as excruciating as possible, he takes away from its force and reality, and renders his hero despicable. A man who cannot meet with firmness and resignation the fate which he knows to be inevitable, loses all that hold upon our pity or esteem which his misfortunes might otherwise have entitled him to; and a rigid critic may very justly accuse the author of a want of tact and discrimination in handling his difficult subject.

The same remarks may, in some measure, apply to his other novels: they have some faults and many beauties, but are all what the French designate *outré*.

In his dramas he laughs Aristotle to scorn, and transgresses continually upon all the unities: in that, however, he is not singular, though his classic opponents consider it a grievous fault; but they can in nowise derogate from his talent as a dramatist; and his plays, though partaking of the faults of his romances, are undoubtedly the work of a master mind.

Victor Hugo, as a poet, is one in every sense of the term; and it argues much for his powers, that he has given to the naturally unpoetical language of the French a ductility and a grace which former writers have in vain endeavoured to impress upon it: he twists and he turns it into every attitude to suit the wild freaks of his luxuriant fancy. If we had never read his poetry, we could never have suspected that the French language could have been made so musical, so rich, and so varied. He takes a pleasure in showing you what he can do, and succeeds in measures and rhymes which, before him, no writer ever attempted. His style of poetry is singularly bold and original, though there is more scenic description in it than knowledge of the human heart. "Les Orientales," in which he describes the manners of the eastern nations, in a series of songs and ballads, is, perhaps, one of his happiest efforts. We need only cite "Les Fantômes," a wild and beautiful poem, and "Grenade," a Moorish ballad, to prove that, as a poet, he is capable of more than he has ever yet attempted. We have lately seen a publication of his, entitled, "Feuilles d'Automne," in which there is more real feeling and true nature than in any of his works that ever came under our notice, and we are impressed with the firm conviction that he is one of the most talented and original writers that France ever produced.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

Mrs. TIBBS was, beyond all dispute, the most tidy, fidgetty, thrifty little personage that ever inhaled the smoke of London; and the house of Mrs. Tibbs was decidedly the neatest in all Great Coram-street. The area and the area steps, and the street-door and the street-door steps, and the brass handle, and the door-plate, and the knocker, and the fan-light were all as clean and as bright as indefatigable white-washing, and hearth-stoning, and scrubbing and rubbing could make them. The wonder was that the brass door-plate, with the interesting inscription "Mrs. TIBBS," had never caught fire from constant friction, so perseveringly was it polished. There were meat-safe-looking wire-blinds in the parlour windows, blue and gold curtains in the drawing-room, and spring roller blinds, as Mrs. Tibbs was wont, in the pride of her heart to boast, "all the way up." The bell-lamp in the passage, looked as clear as a soap-bubble; you could see yourself in all the tables, and French polish yourself on any one of the chairs; the bannisters were bees'-waxed, and the very stair-wires made your eyes wink, they were so glittering.

Mrs. Tibbs was somewhat short of stature, and Mr. Tibbs was by no means a large man; he had moreover very short legs, but, by way of indemnification, his face was peculiarly long; he was to his wife what the 0 is in 90—he was of some importance *with* her—he was nothing without her. Mrs. Tibbs was always talking. Mr. Tibbs rarely spoke; but if it were at any time possible to put in a word, just when he should have said nothing at all, he did it. Mrs. Tibbs detested long stories, and Mr. Tibbs had one, the conclusion of which had never been heard by his most intimate friends. It always began, "I recollect when I was in the volunteer corps, in eighteen hundred and six,"—but as he spoke very slowly and softly, and his better half very quickly and loudly, he rarely got beyond the introductory sentence. He was a melancholy specimen of the story-teller. He was the wandering Jew of Joe Millerism—ever pursuing and ever shunned.

Mr. Tibbs enjoyed a small independence from the pension-list—about 43*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.* a-year. His father, mother, and five interesting scions from the same stock drew a like sum from the revenue of a grateful country, for what particular service it was never distinctly known. But as this said independence was not quite sufficient to furnish two people with *all* the luxuries of this life, it had occurred to the busy little spouse of Tibbs that the best thing she could do with a legacy of 700*l.*, would be to take and furnish a tolerable house, somewhere in that partially-explored tract of country which lies between the British Museum, and a remote village called Somer's Town, for the reception of boarders. Great Coram-street was the spot pitched upon. The house had been furnished accordingly; two female servants and a boy engaged, and an advertisement inserted in the morning papers, informing the public that "Six individuals would meet with all the comforts of a cheerful musical home, in a

select private family, residing within ten minutes' walk of everywhere." Answers out of number were received, with all sorts of initials; all the letters of the alphabet seemed to be seized with a sudden wish to go out boarding and lodging; voluminous was the correspondence between Mrs. Tibbs and the applicants, and most profound was the secrecy which was to be observed. "E." didn't like this, and "I." couldn't think of putting up with that; "I. O. U." didn't think the terms would suit him; and "G. R." had never slept in a French bed. The result, however, was, that three gentlemen became inmates of Mrs. Tibbs' house, on terms which were "agreeable to all parties." In went the advertisement again, and a lady with her two daughters proposed to increase—not their families, but Mrs. Tibbs'.

"Charming woman, that Mrs. Maplesone!" said Mrs. Tibbs, as she and her spouse were sitting by the fire after breakfast; the gentlemen having gone out on their several avocations. "Charming woman, indeed!" repeated little Mrs. Tibbs, more by way of soliloquy than any thing else, for she never thought of consulting her husband. "And the two daughters are delightful. We must have some fish to-day; they'll join us at dinner for the first time."

Mr. Tibbs placed the poker at right angles with the fire-shovel, and essayed to speak, but recollected he had nothing to say.

"The young ladies," continued Mrs. T., "have kindly volunteered to bring their own piano."

Tibbs thought of the volunteer story, but did not venture it. A bright thought struck him—"It's very likely," said he.

"Pray don't lean your head against the paper," interrupted Mrs. Tibbs—"and don't put your feet on the steel fender; that's worse."

Tibbs took his head from the paper, and his feet from the fender; and proceeded. "It's very likely one of the young ladies may set her cap at young Mr. Simpson, and you know a marriage"—

"A what!" shrieked Mrs. Tibbs. Tibbs modestly repeated his former suggestion.

"I beg you won't mention such a thing," said Mrs. T. "A marriage, indeed!—to rob me of my boarders—no, not for the world."

Tibbs thought in his own mind that the event was by no means unlikely, but as he never argued with his wife, he put a stop to the dialogue, by observing it was "time to go to business." He always went out at ten o'clock in the morning, and returned at five in the afternoon, with an exceedingly dirty face, and smelling very mouldy. Nobody knew what he was, or where he went to; but Mrs. Tibbs used to say with an air of great importance, that he was engaged in the City.

The Miss Maplesones and their accomplished parent arrived in the course of the afternoon in a hackney-coach, and accompanied by a most astonishing number of packages. Trunks, bonnet-boxes, muff-boxes, parasols, guitar-cases; and parcels of all imaginable shapes, done up in brown paper, and fastened with pins, filled the passage. Then there was such running up and down with the luggage, such scampering for warm water for the ladies to wash in, and such a bustle, and confusion, and heating of servants and curling-irons, as had never

been known in Great Coram-street before. Little Mrs. Tibbs was quite in her element, bustling about, talking incessantly, and distributing towels and soap, and all the *et ceteras*, like a head nurse in a hospital. The house was not restored to its usual state of quiet repose until the ladies were safely shut up in their respective bed-rooms, engaged in the important occupation of dressing for dinner.

"Are these gals andsome?" inquired Mr. Simpson of Mr. Septimus Hicks, another of the boarders, as they were amusing themselves in the drawing-room before dinner, by lolling on sofas, and contemplating their pumps.

"Don't know," replied Mr. Septimus Hicks, who was a tallish, white-faced young man, with spectacles, and a black ribbon round his neck instead of a neckerchief—a most interesting person; a poetical walker of the hospitals, and a "very talented young man." He was very fond of "lugging" into conversation all sorts of quotations from Don Juan, without fettering himself by the propriety of their application, in which particular he was remarkably independent. The other, Mr. Simpson, was one of those young men, who are in society what walking gentlemen are upon the stage, only infinitely worse skilled in his vocation than the most indifferent artist. He was as empty headed as the great bell of St. Paul's, and had about as long a tongue. He always dressed according to the caricatures, published in Townsend's monthly fashions, and spelt Character with a K.

"I saw a devilish number of parcels in the passage when I came home," simpered Simpson.

"Materials for the toilet, no doubt," rejoined the Don Juan reader.

"——— much linen, lace, and several pair
Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete;
With other articles of ladies' fair,
To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat."

"Is that from Milton?" inquired Mr. Simpson.

"No—from Byron," returned Mr. Hicks, with a look of profound contempt. He was quite sure of his author, because he had never read any other.—"Hush!" said the sapient hospital walker, "Here come the gals," and they forthwith both commenced talking in a very loud key.

"Mrs. Maplesone and the Miss Maplesones, Mr. Hicks. Mr. Hicks—Mrs. Maplesone and the Miss Maplesones," said Mrs. Tibbs, with a very red face, for she had been superintending the cooking operations below stairs, and looked like a wax doll on a sunny day. Mr. Simpson, I beg your pardon—Mr. Simpson—Mrs. Maplesone and the Miss Maplesone's,"—and *vice versa*. The gentlemen immediately began to slide about with much politeness, and looked as if they wished their arms had been legs, so little did they know what to do with them. The ladies smiled, curtsied, and glided into chairs, and dived for dropped pocket handkerchiefs; the gentlemen leant against two of the curtain pegs; Mrs. Tibbs went through an admirable bit of serious pantomime with a servant who had come up to ask some question about the fish sauce, and then the two young ladies looked at each other; and every body else appeared to discover something very attractive in the pattern of the fender.

"Julia, my love," said Mrs. Maplesone, to her youngest daughter, in a tone just loud enough for the remainder of the company to hear,—"Julia."

"Yes, Ma."

"Don't stoop."—This was said for the purpose of directing general attention to Miss Julia's figure, which was undeniable. Every body looked at her accordingly, and then there was another pause.

"We had the most uncivil hackney-coachman to-day, you can imagine," said Mrs. Maplesone to Mrs. Tibbs, in a truly confidential tone.

"Dear me!" replied the hostess, with an air of great commiseration. She couldn't say more, for the servant again appeared at the door, and commenced telegraphing most earnestly to her "Misses."

"I think hackney coachmen generally are uncivil," said Mr. Hicks, in his most insinuating tone.

"Positively I think they are," replied Mrs. Maplesone, as if the idea had never struck her before.

"And cabmen, too," said Mr. Simpson. This remark was a failure, for no one intimated by word or sign the slightest knowledge of the manners and customs of cabmen.

"Robinson, what *do* you want?" said Mrs. Tibbs to the servant, who, by way of making her presence known to her mistress, had been giving sundry hems and sniffs outside the door, during the preceding five minutes.

"Please, ma'am, master wants his clean things," replied the servant, completely taken off her guard. There was no resisting this: the two young men turned their faces to the window, and "went off" like a couple of bottles of ginger beer; the ladies put their cambrics to their mouths, and little Mrs. Tibbs bustled out of the room to give Tibbs his clean linen,—and the servant warning.

Mr. Calton, the remaining boarder, shortly afterwards made his appearance, and proved a surprising promoter of the conversation. Mr. Calton was a superannuated beau—an old boy. He used to say of himself, that although his features were not regularly handsome, they were striking. They certainly were: it was impossible to look at his face without being forcibly reminded of a chubby street-door knocker, half-lion, half-monkey; and the comparison might be extended to his whole character and conversation. He had stood still while every thing else had been moving. He never originated a conversation, or started a new idea; but if any common-place topic were broached, or, to pursue the comparison, if any body *lifted him up*, he would hammer away with surprising rapidity. He had the tic dolooureux occasionally, and then he might be said to be muffled, because he didn't make quite as much noise as at other times, when he would go on prosing, rat-tat-tat, the same thing over and over again. He had never been married; but he was still on the look-out for a wife with money. He had a life interest worth about 300*l.* a year—he was exceedingly vain, and inordinately selfish. He had acquired the reputation of being the very pink of politeness; and he walked round the park, and up Regent-street, every day.

This respectable personage had made up his mind to render him-

self exceedingly agreeable to Mrs. Maplesone—indeed, the desire of being as amiable as possible extended itself to the whole party; Mrs. Tibbs having considered it an admirable little bit of management to represent to the gentlemen that she had *some* reason to believe the ladies were fortunes, and to hint to the ladies, that all the gentlemen were “eligible.” A little flirtation, she thought, might keep her house full, without leading to any other result. Mrs. Maplesone was an enterprising widow of about fifty; shrewd, scheming, and good-looking. She was amiably anxious on behalf of her daughters; in proof whereof she used to remark, that she would have no objection to marry again, if it would benefit her dear girls—she could have no other motive. The “dear girls” themselves were not at all insensible to the merits of “a good establishment.” One of them was twenty-five, the other three years younger. They had been at different watering-places for four seasons: they had gambled at libraries, read books in balconies, sold at fancy fairs, danced at assemblies, talked sentiment—in short, they had done all that industrious girls could do, and all to no purpose.

“What a magnificent dresser Mr. Simpson is!” whispered Miss Matilda Maplesone to her sister Julia.

“Splendid!” returned the youngest. The magnificent individual alluded to wore a sort of maroon-coloured dress coat, with a velvet collar and cuffs of the same tint—very like that which usually invests the form of the distinguished unknown who condescends to play the “swell” in the pantomime at “Richardson’s Show.”

“What whiskers!” said Miss Julia.

“Charming!” responded her sister; “and what hair!” His hair was like a wig, and distinguished by that insinuating wave which graces the shining locks of those *chef-d’œuvres* of perruquerian art surmounting the waxen images in Bartellot’s window, in Regent-street; and his whiskers, meeting beneath his chin, seemed strings wherewith to tie it on, ere science had rendered them unnecessary by her patent invisible springs.

“Dinner’s on the table, ma’am, if you please,” said the boy, who now appeared for the first time, in a revived black coat of his master’s.

“Oh! Mr. Calton, will you lead Mrs. Maplesone?—Thank you.” Mr. Simpson offered his arm to Miss Julia; Mr. Septimus Hicks escorted the lovely Matilda; and the procession proceeded to the dining-room. Mr. Tibbs was introduced, and Mr. Tibbs bobbed up and down to the three ladies like a figure in a Dutch clock, with a powerful spring in the middle of his body, and then dived rapidly into his seat at the bottom of the table, delighted to screen himself behind a soup tureen, which he could just see over, and that was all. The boarders were seated, a lady and gentleman alternately, like the layers of bread and meat in a sandwich; and then Mrs. Tibbs directed James to take off the covers, and salmon, lobster-sauce, giblet-soup, and the usual accompaniments were *discovered*: potatoes like petrefactions, and bits of toasted bread, the shape and size of blank dice.

“Soup for Mrs. Maplesone, my dear,” said the bustling Mrs.

Tibbs. She always called her husband "my dear" before company. Tibbs, who had been eating his bread, and calculating how long it would be before he should get any fish, helped the soup in a hurry, made a small island on the tablecloth, and put his glass upon it, to hide it from his wife.

"Miss Julia, shall I assist you to some fish?"

"If you please—very little—oh, plenty, thank you;" (a bit about the size of a walnut put upon the plate.)

"Julia is a *very* little eater," said Mrs. Maplesone to Mr. Calton.

The knocker gave a single rap. He was busy eating the fish with his eyes; so he only ejaculated, "Ah!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Tibbs to her spouse, after every one else had been helped, "What do *you* take?" The inquiry was accompanied with a look intimating that he mustn't say fish, because there was not much left. Tibbs thought the frown referred to the island on the table-cloth; he therefore coolly replied, "Why—I'll take a little—fish, I think."

"Did you say fish, my dear?" (another frown.)

"Yes, dear," replied the villain, with an expression of acute hunger depicted in his countenance. The tears almost started to Mrs. Tibbs' eyes, as she helped her "wretch of a husband," as she inwardly called him, to the last eatable bit of salmon on the dish.

"James, take this to your master, and take away your master's knife."—This was deliberate revenge, as Tibbs never could eat fish without one. He was, however, constrained to chace small particles of salmon round and round his plate with a piece of bread and a fork, occasionally securing a bit; the number of successful attempts being about one in seventeen.

"Take away, James," said Mrs. Tibbs, just as Tibbs had swallowed the fourth mouthful—and away went the plates like lightning.

"I'll take a bit of bread, James," said the poor "*master* of the house," more hungry than ever.

"Never mind your master now, James," said Mrs. Tibbs, "see about the meat."—This was conveyed in the tone in which ladies usually give admonitions to servants in company, that is to say, a low one; but which, like a stage whisper, from its peculiar emphasis, is most distinctly heard by everybody present.

A pause ensued before the table was replenished—a sort of parenthesis in which Mr. Simpson, Mr. Calton, and Mr. Hicks produced respectively a bottle of sauterne, bucellas, and sherry, and took wine with everybody—except Tibbs: no one ever thought of him.

Between the fish and an intimated sirloin there was a prolonged interval.

Here was an opportunity for Mr. Hicks. He could not resist the singularly appropriate quotation:—

"But beef is rare within these oxless isles;
Goats' flesh there is, no doubt, and kid, and mutton,
And, when a holiday upon them smiles,
A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on."

"Very ungentlemanly behaviour," thought little Mrs. Tibbs, "to talk in that way."

"Ah," said Mr. Calton, filling his glass, "Tom Moore is my poet."

"And mine," said Mrs. Maplesone.

"And mine," said Miss Julia.

"And mine," added Mr. Simpson.

"Look at his compositions," resumed the knocker.

"To be sure," said Simpson, with confidence.

"Look at Don Juan," replied Mr. Septimus Hicks.

"Julia's letter," suggested Miss Matilda.

"Can any thing be grander than The Fire Worshippers?" inquired Miss Julia.

"To be sure," said Simpson.

"Or Paradise and the Peri," suggested the old beau.

"Yes; or Paradise and the Peer," repeated the deeply-read Simpson, who thought he was getting through it capitally.

"It's all very well," replied Mr. Septimus Hicks, who, as we have before hinted, had never read anything but Don Juan. Where will you find anything finer than the description of the siege, at the commencement of the seventh canto?"

"Talking of a siege," said Tibbs, with a mouth full of bread,— "when I was in the volunteer corps, in eighteen hundred and six, our commanding officer was Sir Charles Rampart; and one day, when we were exercising on the ground on which the London University now stands, he says, says he, Tibbs (calling me from the ranks), Tibbs —"

"Tell your master, James," interrupted Mrs. Tibbs, in an awfully distinct tone, "tell your master if he *won't* carve those fowls, to send them to me." The discomfited volunteer instantly set to work, and carved the fowls almost as expeditiously as his wife operated on the haunch of mutton. Whether he ever finished that story, is not exactly known.

As the ice was now broken, and the new inmates more at home, every member of the company felt more at ease. Tibbs himself most certainly did, because he went to sleep immediately after dinner. Mr. Hicks and the ladies discoursed most eloquently about poetry, and the theatres, and Lord Chesterfield's Letters; and Mr. Calton followed up what everybody said, with continuous double knocks. Mrs. Tibbs highly approved of every observation that fell from Mrs. Maplesone; and as Mr. Simpson sat with a smile upon his face and said "Yes," or "Certainly," at intervals of about four minutes each, he received full credit for understanding what was going forward. The gentlemen rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room very shortly after they had left the dining-parlour. Mrs. Maplesone and Mr. Calton played cribbage, and "the young people" amused themselves with music and conversation. The Miss Maplesones sang the most fascinating duets, and accompanied themselves on guitars, ornamented with bits of ethereal blue ribbon. Mr. Simpson put on a pink waistcoat, and said he was in raptures; and Mr. Hicks felt in the seventh heaven of poetry, or the seventh canto of Don Juan,—it was the same thing to him. Mrs. Tibbs was quite charmed with the new comers, and Mr. Tibbs spent the evening in his usual way—he

went to sleep, and woke up, and went to sleep again, and woke at supper-time.

* * * * *

We are not about to adopt the licence of novel-writers, and to let "years roll on;" but we will take the liberty of requesting the reader to suppose that six months have elapsed since the dinner we have just described, and that Mrs. Tibbs' boarders have, during that period, sang, and danced, and gone to theatres and exhibitions together, as ladies and gentlemen, wherever they board, often do; and we will beg them, the period we have mentioned having elapsed, to imagine further, that Mr. Septimus Hicks received, in his own bed-room (a front attic), at an early hour one morning, a note from Mr. Calton, requesting the favour of seeing him, as soon as convenient to himself, in his (Calton's) dressing-room, on the second floor back.

"Tell Mr. Calton I'll come down directly," said Mr. Septimus to the boy. "Stop—Is Mr. Calton unwell?" inquired the excited walker of hospitals, as he put on a bed-furniture-looking dressing-gown.

"Not as I know on, Sir," replied the boy. "Please, Sir, he looked rayther rum, as it might be."

"Ah, that's no proof of his being ill," returned Hicks, unconsciously. "Very well: I'll be down directly." Down stairs ran the boy with the message, and down went the excited Hicks himself, almost as soon as the message was delivered. "Tap, tap." "Come in."—Door opens, and discovers Mr. Calton sitting in an easy chair, and looking more like a knocker than ever. Mutual shakes of the hand exchanged, and Mr. Septimus Hicks motioned to a seat. A short pause. Mr. Hicks coughed, and Mr. Calton took a pinch of snuff. It was just one of those interviews where neither party knows what to say. Mr. Septimus Hicks broke silence.

"I received a note—" he said, very tremulously, in a voice like a Punch with a cold.

"Yes," returned the other, "you did."

"Exactly."

"Yes."

Now, although this dialogue must have been satisfactory, both gentlemen felt there was something more important to be said; and so they did as many in such a situation would have done—they looked at the table with a most determined aspect. The conversation had been opened, however, and Mr. Calton made up his mind to continue it, with a regular double knock. He always spoke very pompously.

"Hicks," said he, "I have sent for you in consequence of certain arrangements which are pending in this house, connected with a marriage."

"With a marriage!" gasped Hicks, compared with whose expression of countenance, Hamlet's, when he sees his father's ghost, is pleasing and composed.

"With a marriage!" returned the knocker. "I have sent for you to prove the great confidence I can repose in you."

"And will you betray me?" eagerly inquired Hicks, who in his alarm had even forgotten to quote.

I betray you! Won't you betray me?"

"Never: no one shall know to my dying day that you had a hand in the business," responded the agitated Hicks, with an inflamed countenance, and his hair standing on end as if he were on the stool of an electrifying machine in full operation.

"People must know that some time or other—within a year, I imagine," said Mr. Calton, with an air of great self-complacency—

"We *may* have a family, you know."

"*We!*—That won't affect you, surely."

"The devil it won't!"

"No! How can it?" said the bewildered Hicks. Calton was too much enwrapped in the contemplation of happiness to see the equivocal between Hicks and himself; and throwing himself back in his chair, "Oh, Matilda!" sighed the antique beau, in a lack-a-daysical voice, and applying his right hand a little to the left of the fourth button of his waistcoat, counting from the bottom. This was meant to be pathetic—"Oh, Matilda!"

"What Matilda?" inquired Hicks, starting up.

"Matilda Maplesone," responded the other, doing the same.

"I marry her to-morrow morning," said Hicks, furiously.

"It's false," rejoined his companion: "I marry her!"

"You marry her!"

"I marry her!"

"You marry Matilda Maplesone?"

"Matilda Maplesone."

"Miss Maplesone marry *you*?"

"Miss Maplesone? No: Mrs. Maplesone."

"Good God!" said Hicks, falling into his chair like Ward in Gustavus: "You marry the mother, and I the daughter!"

"Most extraordinary circumstance!" replied Mr. Calton, "and rather inconvenient too; for the fact is, that owing to Matilda's wishing to keep her intention secret from her daughters until the ceremony has taken place, she doesn't like applying to any of her friends to give her away. I entertain an objection to making the affair known to my acquaintance just now; and the consequence is, that I sent to you to know whether you'd oblige me by acting as father."

"I should have been most happy, I assure you," said Hicks, in a tone of condolence, "but you see I shall be acting as bridegroom. One character is frequently a consequence of the other; but it is no usual to act in both at the same time. There's Simpson—I have no doubt he'll do it for you."

"I don't like to ask him," replied Calton, "he's such a donkey."

Mr. Septimus Hicks looked up at the ceiling and down at the floor; at last an idea struck him—"Let the man of the house, Tibbs, be the father," he suggested; and then he quoted, as peculiarly applicable to Tibbs and the pair:—

"Oh, Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?"

"Tis—tis her father's—fixed upon the pair."

"The idea has struck me already," said Mr. Calton: "but, you see, Matilda, for what reason I know not, is very anxious that Mrs. Tibbs should know nothing about it till it's all over. It's a natural delicacy after all, you know."

"He's the best-natured little man in existence, if you manage him properly," said Mr. Septimus Hicks. "Tell him not to mention it to his wife, and assure him she won't mind it, and he'll do it directly. My marriage is to be a secret one, on account of the mother and my father; therefore he must be enjoined to secrecy."

A small double knock, like a presumptuous single one, was that instant heard at the street door. It was Tibbs; it could be no one else, for no one else occupied five minutes in rubbing their shoes. He had been out to pay the baker's bill.

"Mr. Tibbs," called out Mr. Calton in a very bland tone, looking over the bannisters.

"Sir!" replied he of the dirty face.

"Will you have the kindness to step up stairs for a moment."

"Certainly, Sir," said Tibbs, delighted to be taken notice of. The bed-room door was carefully closed, and Tibbs, having put his hat on the floor (as all timid men do), and been accommodated with a seat, looked as astounded as if he were suddenly summoned before the familiars of the Inquisition.

"A rather unpleasant occurrence, Mr. Tibbs," said Calton, in a very portentous manner, "obliges me to consult you, and to beg you will not communicate what I am about to say to your wife."

Tibbs acquiesced, wondering in his own mind what the deuce the other could have done, and imagining that at least he must have broken the best decanters.

Mr. Calton resumed: "I am placed, Mr. Tibbs, in rather an unpleasant situation."

Tibbs looked at Mr. Septimus Hicks, as if he thought his being in the immediate vicinity of his fellow-boarder constituted the unpleasantness of his situation; but as he did not exactly know what to say, he merely ejaculated the monosyllable "Lor!"

"Now," continued the knocker, "let me beg you will exhibit no manifestations of surprise, which may be overheard by the domestics, when I tell you—command your feelings of astonishment—that two inmates of this house intend to be married to-morrow morning,"—and he drew back his chair several feet to perceive the effect of the unlooked-for announcement.

If Tibbs had rushed from the room, staggered down stairs, and fainted in the passage—if he had instantaneously jumped out of the window into the mews behind the house, in an agony of surprise—his behaviour would have been much less inexplicable to Mr. Calton than it was, when he merely put his hands into his inexpressible-pockets, and said, with a half-chuckle, "Just so."

"You are not surprised, Mr. Tibbs?" inquired Mr. Calton.

"God bless you, no, Sir," returned Tibbs; "after all, it's very natural. When two young people get together, you know ——"

"Certainly, certainly," said Calton, with an indescribable air of self-satisfaction.

"You don't think it's at all an out-of-the-way affair then?" asked Mr. Septimus Hicks, who had watched the countenance of Tibbs in mute astonishment.

"No, Sir," replied Tibbs; "I was just the same at his age." He actually smiled when he said this.

"How devilish well I must carry my years!" thought the delighted old beau, knowing he was at least ten years older than Tibbs at that moment.

"Well, then, to come to the point at once," he continued, "I have to ask you whether you will object to act as father on the occasion?"

"Certainly not," replied Tibbs; still without evincing an atom of surprise.

"You will not?"

"Decidedly not," reiterated Tibbs, who appeared as calm as a pot of porter with the head off.

Mr. Calton seized the hand of the petticoat-governed little man, and vowed eternal friendship from that hour. Hicks, who was all admiration and surprise, did the same.

"Now confess," asked Mr. Calton of Tibbs, as he picked up his hat, "were you not a little surprised?"

"I b'lieve you!" replied that illustrious person, holding up one hand; "I b'lieve you! when I first heard of it."

"So sudden," said Septimus Hicks.

"So strange to ask *me*, you know," said Tibbs.

"So damned odd altogether," said the superannuated love-maker; and then all three laughed.

"I say," said Tibbs, shutting the door which he had previously opened; and giving full vent to a hitherto corked-up giggle, "what bothers me is, what *will* his father say?"

Mr. Septimus Hicks looked at Mr. Calton.

"Yes; but the best of it is," said the latter, giggling in his turn, "I haven't got a father—he! he! he!"

"You hav'nt got a father. No; but *he* has," said Tibbs.

"Who has?" inquired Septimus Hicks, almost rabid.

"Why *him*."

"Him, who? Do you know my secret? Do you mean me?"

"You! No; you know who I mean," returned Tibbs, with a knowing wink.

"For Heaven's sake whom *do* you mean," inquired Mr. Calton, who, like Septimus Hicks, was all but out of his senses at the strange confusion.

"Why Mr. Simpson, of course," replied Tibbs; "who else could I mean?"

"I see it all," said the Byron-quoter; "Simpson marries Julia Maplesone to-morrow morning!"

"Undoubtedly," replied Tibbs, thoroughly satisfied; "of course he does."

It would require the pencil of Hogarth to illustrate—our feeble pen is inadequate to describe—the expression which the countenances of Mr. Calton and Mr. Septimus Hicks respectively assumed at this unexpected announcement. Equally impossible is it to describe,

although it is much easier for our lady readers to imagine, what arts the three ladies could have used, so completely to entangle their separate partners. Whatever they were, however, they were successful. The mother was perfectly aware of the intended marriage of both daughters; and the young ladies were equally acquainted with the intention of their inestimable parent. They agreed, however, that it would have a much better appearance if each feigned ignorance of the other's engagement; and it was equally desirable that all the marriages should take place on the same day, to prevent the discovery of one clandestine alliance, operating prejudicially on the others. Hence the mystification of Mr. Calton and Mr. Septimus Hicks, and the pre-engagement of the unwary Tibbs.

On the following morning Mr. Septimus Hicks was united to Miss Matilda Maplesone. Mr. Simpson also entered into a "holy alliance" with Miss Julia, Tibbs acting as father, "his first appearance in that character." Mr. Calton not being quite so eager as the two young men, was rather struck by the double discovery; and as he had found some difficulty in getting any one to give the lady away, it occurred to him that the best mode of obviating the inconvenience would be not to take her at all. The lady however "appealed," as her counsel said on the trial of the cause, *Maplesone v. Calton*, for a breach of promise, "with a broken heart to the outraged laws of her country." She recovered damages to the amount of 1000*l.*, which the unfortunate knocker was compelled to pay, because he had declined to *ring the belle*. Mr. Septimus Hicks having walked the hospitals, took it into his head to walk off altogether. His injured wife is at present residing with her mother at Boulogne. Mr. Simpson, having the misfortune to lose his wife six weeks after marriage (by her eloping with an officer during his temporary sojourn in the Fleet Prison, in consequence of his inability to discharge her little mantua-maker's bill), and being disinherited by his father, who died soon afterwards, was fortunate enough to obtain a permanent engagement at a fashionable hair-cutter's, hair dressing being a science to which he had frequently directed his attention. In this situation he had necessarily many opportunities of making himself acquainted with the habits and style of thinking of the exclusive portion of the nobility of this kingdom. To this fortunate circumstance are we indebted for the production of those brilliant efforts of genius, his fashionable novels, which so long as good taste, unsullied exaggeration, cant, and maudlin quackery continues to exist, cannot fail to instruct and amuse the thinking portion of the community.

It only remains to add, that this "complication of disorders" completely deprived poor Mrs. Tibbs of all her inmates, except the one whom it would have afforded her the greatest pleasure to lose—her husband. That wretched little man returned home on the day of the wedding in a state of partial intoxication; and under the influence of wine, excitement, and despair, actually dared to brave the anger of his wife. Since that ill-fated hour he has constantly taken his meals in the kitchen, to which apartment it is understood his witticisms will be in future confined, a turn-up bedstead having been conveyed there by Mrs. Tibbs's order for his exclusive accommoda-

tion. It is very likely that he will be enabled to finish there his story of the volunteers.

The advertisement has again appeared in the morning papers. Whether it will be productive of any beneficial result, we of course are unable to foretell. If it should, we may, perhaps, at no distant period, return to Mrs. Tibbs and her "Boarding-House."

THE MEETING OF THE DELEGATES.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE MS. OF AN UNIONIST.)

DURING the raging fever of political unions, which came into England some time ago with the cholera, I caught the disorder, and became a member, among many hundreds, equally careless and ignorant with myself. All that I could ever clearly understand was, that we had to pay sixpence a month, which was called the "musket-fund," and was reserved for purchasing muskets, with which we were to shoot king, lords, and commons; considering every man as a common enemy who possessed more wealth or property than ourselves. We had committees, orators, secretaries, chairmen, and pennyless treasurers, who never met upon business without swallowing a musket, or the worth of one, and reducing the fund a musket less; for no business would they transact unless we allowed them two quarts of ale and six papers of tobacco per man, besides bread, cheese, and onions. We also took in every paper which spoke favourably of political unions, no matter how short the paragraph; but if they ever dared to dictate, or advise, or reason with us, the editors were instantly marked down as rank tyrants, and an order sent to every unionist to throw up that paper. One evening, when our honourable committee were all drunk, having applied themselves diligently to the glass, and smoking business and the affairs of the country, for six hours, it pleased them in their barley-corn-inspired wisdom, to delegate me, along with five others, to open another branch of the union at the small quiet village of Chillwell. Large posting bills were printed early the next morning, and posted upon almost every cottage and barn-door in the village; the contents read thus:—

" ' UNION IS STRENGTH—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.' "

" Countrymen—if you love LIBERTY, attend to-morrow evening at the Sheep's Head, when several Gentlemen from Leicester will honour you with their Company, and show you that you are SLAVES. They will also receive entrance money, enrol names, and open No. 27, of the Leicester Political Union.—*Pro Bono Publico.* "

About dusk the Six *Gentlemen* delegates, namely, two stocking-weavers, with coat elbows out; an old shoemaker, hat crown staved in, the brim flapping on his cheek; and a broken-down player, shoe-sole fastened with a string, which came round his instep to prevent separation, while something of a dirty white colour hung dangling

behind, like a tail ; an old blacksmith, leather apron down to conceal sundry rents in his corderoys ; and myself—after each filling our short pipes and emptying our pints—went staggering to open the union. Every puff we took was followed by some wise remark on the good that would ensue to unborn generations from our visit, and every reel we made across the wide highway made us conscious that we were patriots.

“ I say, Ned,” said the player, addressing the old shoemaker, who could scarcely walk, “ if I propose a vote of thanks to you, after you’ve made your speech to-night, will you do the same for me when I’ve made mine?”

“ I will my lad, Dick,” said he, “ give us your hand, you know I’m allos ready for ought as el mak things comfortable ; and I’ll do it as it ought to be done, my lad, for you know old Ned can.”

“ Do you mean, Dick, finishing your speech to-night with that bit about the banner, as you picked up frae th’ papers?” said the oldest stockinger.

“ To be sure I do,” answered the player—“ why?”

“ Nought particular,” said the stockinger, “ only I was thinking o’ heving it mysen, just to meck a finish wi, if you didn’t, that’s all.”

“ Stuff!” said Dick, “ you can’t do better than pitch the corn laws.”

“ I think I shall give ‘em my old yarn,” said the blacksmith ; “ it ‘ill be new to them.”

“ It will so,” said another ; “ but don’t get too much drink before you begin, and forget half of it.”

“ Whose agoing to open the meeting?” said the younger stockinger.

“ I am,” answered the old shoemaker ; “ and Dick’s to finish, he makes a pretty finish ; he’s got sich sublime idees.”

“ Do you think I have?” said Dick ; “ I’ve often been told that my mind’s magnitudinal.”

“ I like that bit about th’ thunder an’ lightning,” said the old blacksmith, “ its devlish fine. How do you like my bit about Christ’s Apostles?”

“ It comes in very applicable,” answered Dick ; “ where did you pick it up?”

“ I took the idee,” said he, “ from an old speech of Chatham’s, as came to me wrapt round a nounce of backer ; so, you know, I thought it would do. If I should happen to forget it, just whisper apostles before I’ve done, will you? I’ll do the same by you if you should forget thunder and lightning.”

Dick promised.

We had by this time entered the Sheep’s Head inn, where about fifty smock-frocked rustics were seated, on rude benches, smoking and drinking ; they all arose as we entered, baring their heads, and staring, like stuck rats, at sight of us—gentlemen delegates. The old shoemaker had contrived to cram his brinkless hat under his arm, and, as the room was but badly lighted, all passed off well.

The room we entered was long and low, badly lighted, and worse furnished ; the wall was hung with printed confessions, and songs

with red and yellow wood-cuts. Here and there a long ale-score stood shining, like a row of white teeth ; a long rough deal table occupied the length of the room, around which was seated the village politicians, nearly hidden in clouds of tobacco-smoke.

Before business commenced six pints of ale were called for ; and as every rustic pressed us to drink with them, before spouting took place each gentleman delegate began to see double. The chairman was an old wood-cutter, who had lived in the village for seventy years, and who was to call silence by striking the table with a large stone, which an hour before had lain on the highway. Tap, tap, tap, went the stone—"order, order, Mr. Potts," was called ; and up rose the old shoemaker ; but he had scarcely mounted the table, and hemmed out—"Gentlemen"—than down he came, flat amongst jugs, pipes, and glasses ; a friend rose up and apologized, saying,—“Gentlemen, our friend Potts often arrives to such a height of excitement in the cause, that he is at times overpowered, and cannot give utterance to the vasty things he feels within him.” The apology was accepted, and the blacksmith next arose.—“Apostles !” whispered Dick, as we lifted him upon the table, when after giving three hems, he thus commenced :—

“Fellow-countreymen and bruthers, it is we pleasure as what I look round about me an see so many inlited men as are here afore me, wot are tied of been slaves ; isn't there now someat in that word slave wot one cant do we ; why are we forced to work and the king not, eh ? (Hear, hear, hear !) Yes, I ask agean why are we forced to work and the king not ? why, my enliteden cuntrymen, I'll tell you ; it's becoys we're fools to work for him.” (Hear, hear !) “Apostles !” whispered Dick.—“An them parsons, wot rite hey we to pay to em ? why the devil don't they take a pot and a scrip and go round frae door to door, same as wot Christ's apostles did, picking up halfpence where they can, an let us live in their fine houses, then I shud call em Christians ; let em come volunteary as I've done to night for the good of my country, then I shall call hem Christians ; let em put up we a sup of ale, (just let me wet my throttle,—thank you !) ; let em put up we a sup of ale, not their fine wines, but a sup of ale I say and a bit of backer same as I do, then I shall call em Chritsians (hear, hear, hear !) let em wear such like stockings as these, an not silk ens—then.” But here the uproar became so great, that the climax of the orator was lost in the clouds, and he was obliged to resume his seat beside the old shoemaker, who had so far recovered as to be able to again blow a cloud and uplift a full quart.

After a short pause, the young stockinger uprose, and when mine host had replenished the glasses and jugs, he thus proceeded :—

“Fellow-labourers ! you will understand that in joining the Union, you are not only doing good for yoursens, but for your childer after you, and when there's no more tyrants upon God's earth—for believe me the Unions will cut them all off—then think what pride your childer will have when your laid down in the earth, at saying—‘My father was one of them men as paid six-pence a month to the Union, and bought a musket to shoot the king, and helped to set his country free, and turned all the rich men out of doors,’—think, I say, wot pride

they'll feel when instead of living in these little houses like pig-sty's, they'll be living in castles, and have no masters. (Hear, hear!) We want no king, we can do without any tax-gatherer, we want no parsons, nor no churches; where was Adam's church? (hear, hear, hear!)—he kneeled down and prayed we Mrs. Eve any where; he wanted no church; sometimes his church was under a crabtree; he had nobody coming to his sty an taking one of his pigs out for tithes (hear, hear!) he had no tax-gatherer coming knocking at his door we a red book in his hand, saying, I want 7s. 6d. for poor-rates, or 5s. 6d. for church-rates, or 3s. 2d. for highway rates; no, my fellow countrymen, Adam would hev nocked em down wi his garden-rake if they'd come to him for taxes. Come then, let's be united an buy muskets, an when they come to our door for taxes, let's shoot em like dogs; if they hang us we can but die once—an look wot a noble death to be hanged for the good of one's country! Beside we can soon larn were exercise; I've been in the militia two years, and if you've a mind when this meeting breaks up, I'll just show you how to shoulder arms, prepare, fire, and march; then, my lads, you'll begetting your hands in again th' muskets come; you can easy get some besoms or pitchforks, or hedge-stakes to do your exercise with. Be firm, be united, be resolved, be staunch, be friendly, be resolute, don't flinch, don't fall out, don't give in, an then if we ant free, if we ant mesters of England before three more months, why my name's not Jack Calfs-head. Now that's all my lads—here's all your healths!" He next sat down amid thunders of applause, when the old stockinger slowly uprose. He seemed big with speech and ale, and arose looking cautiously round with ludicrous solemnity, as if life, death, slavery and liberty sat upon the glance of his drink-twinkling eye, when he thus begun—

"By oppression's wars and pains,
By our sons in dearest veins;
We will drain our servile chains,
But they shall be free."

Such, my fellow-countryman, was the language of the poet of liberty, John Milton, who writed the Illiad; yes, and my heart feels all on a glow whenever I recitation them words. We are men, my fellow-sufferers—men, who have always been brave. Did not our antiguties forefathers, the ancestors of our children, compel King Henry the ninth to sign manify charter, and shall we petition for wot they drained their dearest livers for? No; our plucks is as good as theirs, our hearts is as sound as theirs, our lights are as much in light as theirs. —(Hear, hear, hear!)

"Did not our progeny fight Julia Ceaser when he come we fifty men-of-war an two million thousand cannon? yes, my brave countrymen, and drived him back into Botany Bay where he comed from; and arnt we as brave lads as our progeny (we are!) and when King Alfred wanted to lay a window-tax on our generations didn't Wat Tyler and Oliver Cromwell fight like devils, and hang King Alfred up in Lun-nun, all becoss he was a tyrant? Hey, an we'll hang our king (we will!) and shoot the queen, (hear, hear!) and burn the bishops, and drown the churches, and pelt Wellington, (hear, hear!) and knock

Peel down, and wollop Wetherall, and go to parliament ourselves (hear, hear!) an play hell with hem and knock him down.—(Hear, hear!)” He had long been shifting his position on the table, when, just as he repeated the words “knock him down,” the table tipped over and down fell the orator, with his hand in the boiler, that had been left open, and filled with water, which, if not quite boiling, was hot enough to be more than unpleasant. Upon recovering himself he perceived mine host laughing at his warm bath, and, seizing the ale-warmer, which was always standing in readiness on the grate, dipped it in the boiler, and hurled its contents at the offender, who, being on the alert, stooped down and avoided the reeking shower, which alighted full in the face of the shoemaker, who immediately returned the compliment with a pewter pot and contents in exchange, which went crash through the window. “Order, order!” shouted the Chairman, “Union is strength!” vociferated the blacksmith. “Silence, gentlemen, and conduct yourselves like men, on whom the eyes of all Europe is rivetted!” said Dick. “Chair, chair!” order!” and “silence!” was alone heard, and formed the sole deafening confusion. Order was at length restored, when Dick the player; who was our greatest orator, arose, blowing his nose before he commenced, then, placing one hand in his bosom, and the other upon the table, which he had read somewhere was Canning’s custom, he thus begun:

“Englishmen, and fellow-countrymen! the time has at length arrived when we are to be slaves eternally, or for ever free; already has the muttering thunder of public opinion pealed through the hollow concaves of echoing custom, and the scythe-winged lightning-glare of whirlwind-treading liberty has flashed desolation on the nodding turrets of a castle-girded aristocracy! Freedom has drawn her blood-gilded sword and hurled away the scabbard; the lion of British liberty has arisen from his dormant slumber, and shaken the dew-drops from his mighty mane; —the trumpet has sounded that cries ‘be slaves no more!’ America first blew the battle blast, that flew, rolling down her deep shaking cataracts. Greece caught the sound, and answered, with her heart-stirring trumpet, along the mist-mantled mountains. Poland lifted the massy instrument to her pale lips, and died ere the full-pealed trumpet’s blast was fully blown. France started up at the sound, and blew the daring note that struck the Bourbon aghast. And shall England, the vaunted land of liberty, shrink from the sound? Never: the unions have already lit a beacon light, whose glare shall flash consternation upon a congregated world! We have already seen the unfurled banner of liberty, with its golden letters flaunting in the sunshine, and its silken folds rustling in the blue breeze as it waves upon the mount of reform, and are determined never to rest satisfied until we have grasped the sacred Standard!”

The orator now resumed his pot and pipe, amid the deafening plaudits of plough-boys, who had sat attentively listening to what no one could ever understand. “My eyes, Bill,” said one of the yokels, “that is a larned man, is’nt he? he does understand politics some.” Dick now took the pipe in his hand, and went outside the door; but before going out, he gave the old shoemaker a wink, who had considerably sobered within the last hour. Dick could scarcely have ap-

plied his ear to the keyhole before the old shoemaker rose, and spake in the following manner:—"Gentlemen, I rise to propose a vote of thanks to that young man whom occasion has just called to the door. I say a vote of thanks for that eloquent, sensible, good sound speech which he has just delivered. What need we fear while we have a man like that amongst us? Those who are of my opinion will hold up their hands." This was done unanimously; his health was also proposed, and drank with three times three. The shouting had scarcely ceased when Dick re-entered, and was minutely informed of what had occurred during his absence. Two or three hems, and he was again on his legs, and returning thanks in the following words:—"Gentlemen, I feel more than grateful for the high honour, which you have this evening conferred upon me; and feel very sorry that poor words are alone the only visible medium by which I can express my unbounded, illimitable gratitude. Believe me, gentlemen, when I say that this is the proudest moment of my existence; and if I had as many hearts as would fill the dark-resounding caverns of wave-barking Charybdis and Scylla, I would devote them all to my country. Gentlemen, Liberty has mounted her blooming chariot, and is now rattling through the tyrant-tottering earth, while the loud prancing of her lightning-breathing steeds is heard, as they leap thundering from realm to realm. Gentlemen, you will ever find me at my post, and when the good of my country requires this poor life, thanks to that patriot feeling which in me is hereditary, I am ready to resign it on the bleeding altar of my country's wrongs!"—Dick again sat down, amid the tumultuous plaudits of the open-mouthed peasantry. The old shoemaker, according to agreement, next absented himself; but Dick was too busy drinking with every one by whom he was invited, to think of proposing a vote of thanks to old Ned, who returned, looking any thing but pleasant. The woodman next arose, and as chairman, said—"Before I leave this here chair, I wish to say some two, three, wods. Now you mun know as wot I'm turned of 70, and have seen a good deal in my time; I can remember when bread was fourteen-pence a stone, and good beef and mutton fourpence a pund. Now, at that time o' day, when my old dame went to market, she used to teck her ten or a dozen shilling, and buy us grub for all the week, and hoppen bring home a new hat, or pair o' shoes for one of our lads, or some flannel to mend her petticoat; now if she were to go to th' market next week, and find provisions that price again, why she would come home, and say, 'Lithee, my lad, bread's dropped a shilling i' th' stone, and meat threepence a pund; I've bought mysell a bit o' print to make some aprons on, and a bit of calico to mend thy old shirts wi'.' Now I say wot sich things would be pleasant. I can recollect how at a Christmas one used to hev one's friends about one, to the pig's funeral, as we called it; but now one's forced to sell th' pig to pay for one's shoes and rent wi; and we've niver no pork pies and black puddings at a Christmas. T'other day my youngest daughter Sall was married; she's turned o' thirty-five, and she comes to me—'Feather,' says she, 'what are you going to give me to th' housekeeping.' 'My lass,' says I, 'I've got nought to gie' thee but my blessing an' advice, and I hope as if to's as many childer as thy

mother, and she'd seventeen, thou'll make 'em all unionists.' 'I will, fether,' she said, 'else I'll break their backs!'—So you see, my lads, as I've always the good of our cause at th' heart. God bless you all, an' I hope we shall mister all them rich *fellors*."

It was now past midnight, and as our sixpences had been paid for muskets, we proposed pulling up some hedgestakes, and going to drill on the forest. On looking over our subscription list, while mine host was putting us up in bottles twelve gallons of ale, beside a proportionate quantity of tobacco, to take with us on our exercise, I could perceive some had paid a shilling, with this item—"Jos Bole, wun shillin tuwardes a dubble-barell gun, to shute too wi." After having borrowed all mine host's besoms and pitchforks, and tearing up his fences for the hedgestakes, and loading ourselves with stone bottles, pipes, tobacco, and a tinder-box, we staggered to the forest, there to learn our exercise, and make ready to kill all tyrants, and set England free. The old shoemaker bore a gallon bottle, and kept lessening its weight every ten or twenty yards; while the stockinger marched first, shouldering a hedgestake, and whistling the "Rogues' March." Before we reached the forest, I perceived the shoemaker linger behind, until at last, stepping aside to a pond covered with ducks'-meat, he again filled his bottle, which he alone had emptied during our march; then, staggering first, he threw down the bottle upon a large stone, as if by accident, and swore it was a bad job spilling all that good ale. After having seated ourselves upon the dewy grass, and deeply dived into John Parleycorn, we arose to do our exercise, one half of us smoking short pipes: "Shoulder arms!" cried the stockinger. "O Lord!" exclaimed a Johnny wop, "your hitten me over my chin we that dam'd pitchfork." "Ground arms!" "Dam it, Bill, dont knock a man's toes off we your great garden-rail." "Eyes right!" "A say, Ned, you've burnt my cheek why your pipe." "Stand at ease!" "Joe, you've fetch'd the skin off my cheek we your blasted besom." "March!" O, genius of Dundas! what marching! "Dont tread on my heels!" "Are you going to poke my eye out?" "How you keep popping that besom in my face." "Jack, is your pipe out?" "Sam, give us a light." "Tom, is there ought in the bottle?" "Dam it, Fred, save us a sup; dont be a hog, be matish;" with many other military phrases, were constantly vociferated, while we were preparing to liberate England. At length we grounded arms, when the stockinger, after finishing the last draught of ale, addressed us in the following manner:—

"Brother soldiers, I have been in the militia two years, and out of that time have been up six weeks doing exercise; but never did I behold a finer body of men than these now before me. You are an honour to your country, and the glorious cause in which you have listed, and are more masters of your exercise in this bit of time than the regular militia, and, as soon as you get your muskets will be ready to tackle any garrison in England. Proud am I that my knowledge of militia discipline makes me compos mentus to larn you your exercise. You will retire soberly and orderly to your homes, and this day fortnight us delegates will again come to give you farder

instructions, and see how your Union gets on. Farewell, brother soldiers!"

We now wended home, patriot-like, arm in arm, and reeling drunk. Dick and the old shoemaker got to high words because he had not proposed a vote of thanks: to this Dick pleaded guilty by saying that he made no speech, nor never knew how in his life, and that he would spout him for half a gallon of ale, in any Union house in England. Daylight dawned when we reached Leicester, where, with our readers, we for the present must halt.

STANZAS.

How oft, at some gay festival,
When high the flowing cups were crown'd,
And mirth re-echoed thro' the hall,
And song and music floated round ;—

When every heart with joy beat high,
And eyes flashed love to eyes again,
And hope was breathed in ev'ry sigh
And pleasure left no room for pain ;—

How oft, in that delicious hour,
In that enlargement of the soul,
When reason half forgot her power,
And joy would wildly spurn control,—

Would darksome thoughts my mind invade,
Like clouds that flit across the sky,
And, trembling, to myself I said—
" If one amongst us were to die !"

I shudder'd, and a sudden tear
Adown my burning cheek would flow,
Arresting joy in his career,
And half presaging future woe.

And must they die? And must the light
Of each bright eye be quenched in death ;
The cheek forget to bloom so bright,
The lips to yield their balmy breath?

And must they die? Is it my doom
To live and see each bright one fall?
O grant me, Heav'n, an early tomb—
O let me perish first of all!

April, 1834.

SIGMA

ANDALUSIAN SKETCHES.

No. I.—THE MILLER OF ALMORAIMA.

At a distance of about ten miles from the land-gates of Gibraltar is the forest of Almoraima. It covers a space of nearly forty square miles, and is chiefly composed of cork trees, although there are some of the finest oaks I have ever seen, and which disabused me of a popular English prejudice—that *real* oaks were only to be found in our own country. Perched on the summit of a rugged mountain overhanging the forest, stands the fortified village of Castellar, better known to the English as the "Castle of Andalusia," and where the scene is laid of an admired dramatic piece. Here resides the steward of the owner of this fine property, the Marquis of Moscoso, who lives in splendour at Madrid on the income derived from this and other extensive estates. A sum, averaging yearly fifty thousand reals de Vellon (two thousand five hundred dollars), is alone paid to him for permission to drive large numbers of pigs to feed on the fallen acorns; and so excellent is this food for these animals, that the swine of Almoraima are celebrated in all parts of the south of Spain for the firmness, whiteness, and delicious flavour of their flesh. But a more considerable source of revenue arises from the bark of the cork trees, and the enormous quantity of charcoal made. This gives employment and support to a numerous population who occupy small villages of huts, erected on spots cleared by the destruction of the trees. One broad road through the centre of the wood leads to the town of Ximena; from this, branch off on either side, innumerable narrow paths which conduct the curious explorer to small plains, some of them having huts, but many without any sign of inhabitants. At a distance to the left of the road, in a low swampy situation, is a convent which takes its name from the forest. It is now inhabited by a few friars belonging to the different religious houses of Cadiz and Seville who are sent for various terms of from one to five years, as punishment for ecclesiastical offences; a severe penalty indeed, as those who survive a third years residence are, for the remainder of their lives tormented with *ague*. About two miles south-west of the convent winds the Guadarranque, a mountain stream, on the left bank of which is a well beaten track. Following this one morning, during a ramble on horseback, I came to a rudely erected wooden hut and mill. I had often heard mention made of the owner, and I resolved to take the present opportunity of endeavouring to become acquainted with him. I rode up to the door, and was received by the loud noise of a pack of yelping snarling dogs. These were soon silenced by the appearance of him I sought, the miller—Pepé Romero, a tall handsome man, of about thirty-five years of age, swarthy complexion, large black eyes, and an expression of countenance most particularly mild and humane. In this instance the physiognomists—the disciples of Lavater—would be sadly at fault. He was dressed in a black curly sheep-skin jacket,

the edges bound with red cloth, breeches of tanned leather, black shining leggings curiously embossed and stitched, and the usual red thick woollen sash girded round his waist. From the side pocket of his breeches protuded the handle of the formidable knife, which, though an illegal weapon, is possessed by every man in Spain. Pepé saluted me gracefully and with urbanity, demanding my pleasure. I pretended fatigue, a wish to rest myself and my horse, and a desire for refreshment. I was soon seated on a low rush-bottomed chair in the outer apartment; my horse was led into a shed behind the hut, disencumbered of saddle and bridle, and a liberal supply of fresh chopped-straw thrown before him. During this operation, a frightful old hag, apparently the miller's only assistant, spread upon a small wooden table a coarse but clean cloth, laying thereon two large loaves of bread of exquisite whiteness, and then she lifted from a charcoal stove an earthen pot containing a savoury olla. My host now entered, and without many ceremonies we proceeded in right earnest to do justice to this excellent mess, qualifying it with comfortable draughts from a large leathern bottle filled with very tolerable red wine. Then came the cigars, and here I was not unprovided. I furnished my gratified entertainer with some which he pronounced to be *legitimos*—real Havanahs. I have said that I had heard of Pepé Romero; few can reside for any length of time at Gibraltar without doing so. He is the terror of the entire district, where he has the character of being the most blood-thirsty villain in Spain. Report says he has committed nine murders, and yet when I have asked the scared narrator of these dreadful deeds for particulars, some excuse for the crime, some redeeming quality of the miller, was always stated. I felt, therefore, some curiosity to learn from himself an account of the circumstances, and at length I ventured to say that I had been told of certain events in which he had been concerned. He listened to me with a significant smile, and after a short pause, said—"You have doubtless been informed that I am an assassin; *that* I deny. If I have shed blood, it has never been for hire, for gold, but always in revenge of injury to which no Spaniard can submit,—in self-defence, or to afford protection and to right the weak. You shall hear how these affairs happened; and I will tell you, first, of the death of the custom-house officer, Juan Ramirez, for that is the worst of all, and brought me into some trouble.

"It is about two years since that I went to Gibraltar and purchased a variety of articles I needed, packed them in the usual manner, placed them on my horse, and arrived safely through the Spanish lines. This ordeal overcome, I had arranged with Juan the *guarda* (custom-house officer) on the San Roque road, for a consideration paid before-hand, not to search or interfere with me. Guess, therefore, my astonishment and indignation, when I found that Ramirez, instead of being at his usual post near the Almendral, and quietly passing me and my cargo, was purposely absent, and in his place I encountered a whole tribe of his brother sharks, from whom, thus coming unexpectedly upon me, there was no escape. I lost my good horse and all my purchases. But Pepé Romero was not the man to submit tamely to such a trick! I vowed vengeance. Juan

heard of my threats, and fled; but I felt assured that the day of retribution would arrive. About a year afterwards I was on my way home from Puente-Mayorga, crossing the path which leads over Carteia, when I met, in its narrowest pass, Juan Ramirez, seated on a *borico* (an ass) slowly jogging along. He knew me as quickly as I recognized him, and that his doom was certain. I saw in his sinking eye and pallid brow that he was aware his fate had overtaken him. Why did the wretch return to this part of the country, and thus place himself in the way of my just revenge? 'Base—avaricious—dishonourable villain,' said I; 'get down from the *borico*, and avail yourself of the few minutes you have to live, to ask pardon of heaven for your sins. Five minutes I give you by this watch,' which I produced to mark the time. He did pray, loudly and earnestly; but, I must admit to you, that his supplications were addressed to *me* to spare his life. They did not avail him—the minutes passed quickly; I levelled and pulled the trigger. The fates seemed to favour the traitor! My gun, for the only time in my remembrance, missed fire. The unhappy man, having then hope of escape, attempted to run away. But it was to be. Fresh priming was soon shaken, and—'Murió la muerte'—(he died the death)! That gun, without which I never leave this roof, sent the unerring bullet through his head. The matter made some noise. It was well known that I had threatened revenge. I had been observed in the direction of the old Roman town (Carteia) on the day Juan's body was found dead in the path, the ass quietly gazing by its side. A company of soldiers (the mere civil-power would not venture to pay me a hostile visit in this forest) apprehended me, and I suffered four months' imprisonment in Cadiz gaol ere my trial took place. It cost me money, and I was acquitted in default of evidence. Now was I so much to blame in this affair?"

I was unwilling to commit myself by any reply to this query, and pretended to be fully occupied in lighting a new cigar. The miller did not repeat his question, but continued his recital.

"As for another transaction," said he, in a confident tone, "and which was also much talked of, I think you will excuse me altogether. It occurred a few years since, during the time of 'the Constitution,' that period of terror when Spain was misgoverned by three hundred tyrants called the Cortes, who bellowed the word 'liberty,' but put to death, banished, or imprisoned every one who did not echo their insane cry, and submit to be plundered of half his substance to pay large salaries to these mock patriots. '*Viva el Rey absoluto!*' say I. Let Spain be governed by one just man instead of a band of needy adventurers. Let us retain her old laws and customs, under which she will be more happy and contented than with your new-fashioned French notions and charters. It was, I say, during the second year of this 'sovereignty of the people,' as it was called, that a detachment of those fellows, the *nacionales* (national troops) was on its march from the San Roque to the town of Alcala-de-los-Gazules, and passed through this wood. Near my mill—not half a mile distant—is an humble hut inhabited by an industrious old man, a gardener, who, with his wife and pretty daughter Francesca, support

themselves by the sale of vegetables, raised on a small spot which they have cleared around their dwelling. By dint of hard labour old Manuel had at length saved sufficient to purchase a *borico* on which he could carry his produce to your Gibraltar market, and thus obtain a better price. Well—to return to the *nacionales*—a couple of stragglers from the detachment, a corporal and a private, following at a distance in the rear, strayed off the road, and came upon Manuel's hut. They insolently demanded refreshment, and such as could be procured they obtained; then, seeing the ass, they claimed the animal for the service of the *pueblo sobrano* (the sovereign people.) In vain the old man and woman implored the pity of these robbers. The pad was strapped on the sleek beast, their knapsacks and firelocks secured upon it, and their prize led off amidst the tears and lamentations of the aged couple. But the daughter, Francesca, was not idle. During the parley, the *chiquitia* (little girl) had scampered with breathless haste to the mill, found me here, and made me acquainted with what had occurred. My gun, always ready loaded, was soon on my shoulder. I struck across a path where I knew I must have a good chance of falling in with the thieves. Sure enough I saw them advancing as I stood reconnoitering from behind a large *quejigo* (oak-tree) on the road-side. The corporal was sitting on the ass, which was urged onward by his comrade following on foot, armed only with a long stick, which he applied without remorse to the flanks of the unwilling beast. They were singing together a constitutional song, the burthen of which was 'Mueren los Negros,' 'Death to the Blacks,' as they called us loyal men. I never miss my aim. I levelled at the corporal, and he fell, a dead man! The *borico* stood still, and the astounded private fled into the opposite thicket ere I could reload. I did not consider it necessary to follow him. I threw off the animal's back the baggage of the soldiers, and led the *boriquillo* to his delighted owners.

"This matter was talked about for a while, but none thought it of sufficient consequence to interfere with *me*. I had only killed one of the tools of the detested Cortes, and there are few 'afrancesados' in this district. What do *you* think of these affairs?"

This was a delicate question. I was released from the necessity of answering by the impatient neighing of my horse, anxious to quit his present quarters. I took leave, but not before my host had uttered repeated invitations to me to refresh myself as often as I might feel disposed to call at the "Molino del Conde," for so his mill is named.

"I will tell you on some future occasion," said he, "of the other *muerlos* (deaths) in which I have unluckily been concerned, and of which, perhaps, you have heard false tales. You will not find the devil so black as he is painted."

Although I could not but feel that Pepé Romero was a cold-blooded villain—one reckless of shedding blood, yet, I confess, I was anxious to hear from his own lips some further particulars of the causes which led him to commit the numerous murders attributed to him by common report. I, therefore, shouldered my double-barrelled Mantón, and followed by my two faithful pointers "Grouse" and "Pan,"

set out one morning from San Roque, soon after my first interview with the miller, and walked to the mill, determining to make it my head-quarters for a day or two, and enjoy the very good sport to be found, at all seasons, in the Almoraima Forest. Pepé was from home, but I explained to the old female my intention of returning in the evening, in the hope of being accommodated for the night. Considering that I am an indifferent shot, I had a successful day's sport, as *vide* my game-book, in which I find entered under that day's date—woodcocks, bagged 7; snipes, 13; landrail, 1.

When I approached the hut late in the afternoon, I found Romero at the door, awaiting my arrival, and I received from him a welcome greeting. "Our meal will soon be ready," said he; "and there," pointing to a tolerable enough couch made up in one corner upon boards and trussels, "you will sleep soundly after your walk." Supper being ended, I produced another liberal supply of my *legitimate* cigars, with which I had taken care to supply myself. "I am well pleased to see you again, *Caballero*," said the miller, of his own accord commencing the conversation. "I am very glad to have an opportunity of telling you some of the circumstances which brought about the deaths in which I have been concerned; and I particularly desire to relate to you how the earliest of these terrible events occurred. Did you ever hear of that of Don Tomas Iglesias, the son of the *escribano* (lawyer) of Los Barrios?"

I called to recollection having been told that a young man of that name had, some years since, been killed in a fray in the Cork Wood.

"Well then," continued Pepé, "I will explain to you how that happened. It is now more than six years that I first paid court to Pomasina Iglesias, the most lovely maid of this province, the rose-bud of Los Barrios. I need not tell you a long love tale; enough to say that I gained her heart—that she pledged to me her troth. What happy days were then mine! Scarcely an evening passed that I did not find occasion to ride to the town. The reception given to me by the family was all I could desire. The father, the old Don Henrique, was my warm friend in the matter. I must admit that at that time my reputation was not what it now deservedly is. Alas! my hands were then clean! I was of course anxious that our marriage should at once be celebrated. Pomasina gave her consent, but the old people would not permit it until Don Tomas, their son, who held a civil employment at Ecija, could obtain leave of absence to attend the wedding. One night I was sitting in the large apartment of Don Henrique's house, playing upon the guitar, whilst my beloved Pomasina was gracefully moving to the measure in a *bolero*, accompanying herself with the spirit-stirring castenets, when the door suddenly opened, and two men enveloped in cloaks entered. In a moment father, mother, and daughter, were embracing one of the strangers. To me it appeared that he received these endearments sullenly. He quickly broke away from them, and said in a harsh voice, "Have you no other welcome for my friend, Don Rafael, and myself, after our weary day's journey over your vile mountain roads? Is there not an *alla* ready?" Soft answers to these unkind words were given, and assurances of immediate refreshment, to prepare which,

apparently, the ladies left the room. The two travellers now laid aside their hats and cloaks, and I looked with no approving eye upon them. Don Tomas was an athletic handsome young man, his features bearing strong resemblance to those of his sister—to Pomasina. Rafael, his companion, was a short insignificant-looking fellow, with a countenance singularly forbidding, sallow complexion, downcast look. At length Don Henrique observing me still seated with the guitar in my hand, and evidently dissatisfied, spoke. Turning towards Tomas, "My dear son," said the old man, in a mild and tremulous tone of voice, "let me make known to you Don Jose Romero, the accepted lover of our Pomasina. He is a miller well to do in the world, and will I feel assured make our beloved girl happy." I rose, prepared to receive the greeting of my future brother-in-law; but it was so coldly, nay, so rudely offered, that I could scarcely refrain from shewing at once my feelings of deep displeasure. But I did control them, and soon made some excuse for retiring. What a miserable night I passed! Sometimes vowing dire revenge against the insolent Tomas; then transferring my animosity to his companion, who I at once pronounced to be my intended rival. You will easily infer that he was so. On the morning of each of the two following days I rode to the door of Don Henrique's house, but failed to obtain an admittance. The family were denied to me, but the confused look of the menial who answered me betrayed the falsehood of his assertion, that *all* were from home. The third day was the Patron Saint's Day of Pomasina. I had long since resolved again to entreat that our nuptial day should be fixed, when I presented to my love the appropriate offering of flowers, which you know is the custom in Spain upon these anniversaries. I reached the door of the house; the nosegay of delicious perfume was in my hand, but my heart sank—my lips could scarcely give utterance to the usual demand for admittance. I was ushered forward. When I entered the room my worst forebodings were confirmed. Pomasina sat on the white dimity-covered sofa, placed at the farther end of the apartment. She had already received the first offering of flowers, which she held in hand, carelessly I must own, her countenance sorrowful, her eyes dim and filled with tears. Beside her, in a constrained, uneasy attitude, was seated Don Rafael; and on chairs at a distance were the old couple in evident grief. Don Tomas paced the floor in sullen mood. For an instant I was staggered; but I recovered myself, and advanced towards her whom I loved more than words can express. "Let me present," said I with energy, "let me offer to my affianced bride these token-flowers. They tell of my constancy—of my hope. Let my beloved now name the day which will make her mine own. I would not ask this question before others, in the presence of a stranger too, but that I fear to delay it longer, and Don Rafael seems domesticated in the family as a second brother." And here I am sure I looked not very blandly on the intruder. He turned away from my fiery glance of defiance. Before any one could reply, Don Tomas stepped forward. "Let me put an end to this foolery," said he in a bitter sneering tone. "This can never be. My sister is no meet wife for the dweller in a forest. A miller I am told he calls

himself, but I rather fancy he is of a very different trade." I could no longer contain myself. My hand was upon my knife, a dagger of true steel and of Albacete make; but my arm was soon powerless. I was clasped round by my then guardian-angel. "Forbear, Pepé," said she, "forbear, and draw not weapon in woman's presence, and least of all in mine, and that against my brother, my own flesh and blood. For *my* sake attend not to what Tomas says. He has been bred up in large cities, and knows not us country-folk. But let me make peace between you; and at all events let me distinctly declare that I have plighted my faith to Pepé. I believe him to be worthy. My parents gave their consent, and I will not retract; more I cannot say now. Come to my aid, my dear father, my kind affectionate mother, and assist me in endeavours to soften the obdurate feelings of Tomas, that he may make reparation for the unjust reflections he has thrown out against Pepé."

Whilst she uttered these words I had recovered my temper; but the brother, darting at me a look of hatred and defiance, made no reply, and rushed out of the house, followed by his companion. Then did I learn from the weeping girl and her sorrowful parents, that Tomas had forbid my again visiting them, or considering Pomasina as my bride, had uttered calumnies against my character, had insisted upon my being dismissed, and that his friend Don Rafael, should be received as an accepted lover in my place.—"But," said Pomasina, "I will never marry other than yourself. By the blessed Virgin, my sure protectress, I vow it! Now you, Pepé, must also promise something to me, that you will abstain from seeing me during the remaining few days my brother stays with us, and further, that you will never lift your hand against him whatever may be the provocation." I made these required asseverations, and I left Los-Barrios. For several days I moped about the wood, dissatisfied with myself and with all the world. One evening, on my way home, I met some of the charcoal people, and learned from them, that at the outskirts of the forest, towards Ximena, several wild hogs had appeared, and were doing much mischief in the small patches of cultivation here and there to be found near the woodmen's huts. I resolved to pay these foragers a visit. At dawn on the following morning, I was off, armed, as indeed, I always am, with that capital gun, a good supply of ammunition, and a second knife in my left pocket, in case I should come to close quarters with a wounded hog—no uncommon occurrence in this sport. I was unsuccessful in meeting with the marauders, although the whole forest, and the usual haunts of these animals in their occasional visits from the *Sierra*, are well known to me. I was about to give up the pursuit, and turn homewards, when I perceived two figures moving down a goat-path on the side of a steep hill. It occurred to me that these persons might have seen the game, and could give me some intelligence; I therefore loitered about until they might approach. I was more occupied in directing my attention to every hole and thicket likely to prove the hiding place of the swine, than in looking towards the two men, so that it was not until we were within a few paces of each other that I recognized in them—Don Tomas and his friend. They were armed with guns, and seemed on a similar

pursuit to my own. We all three stood perfectly motionless for a few seconds. Don Tomas spoke first, advancing gradually towards me, holding his gun in his left hand, and making threatening gestures with his right. "Well met, most renowned Miller," said he, with a bitter sarcastic smile. "I am rejoiced to be enabled to communicate to you, before I set out to-morrow for Ecija, that my sister has recovered her senses, and will act with her wonted judgment and wisdom. She no longer thinks, but in the manner she ought, of an outcast like yourself; a chief of banditti for aught I know or can learn!" As he concluded these words he had approached close to me, and I felt his hand fall heavily upon my breast as if inflicting a blow. Could man endure this? My gun in my hand—cocked—ready for the wild hog. Can you wonder that I forgot my oath to Pomasina, and—that this was the last act and speech of the wilful young man? I stepped back a few paces, and—he died on the spot. "Murderer!" shouted Rafael, as he levelled his gun at me, and in an instant I felt that I was wounded. But it was a coward's aim, and I was not disabled sufficiently to prevent my rushing upon him, and dispatching the meddling fool with this trusty knife. The presuming scoundrel, to think of Pomasina as *his* wife! For him and his fate I had no compunction;—I feel no regret. But when I looked on the corpse of Tomas, marked his strong likeness to his sister, I almost lost my senses, and fled, like a guilty man, as I am, to my house. My wound was slight, in fact the ball had merely grazed my side, but I did not leave the mill for several days. At length I could no longer endure this state of suspense, and I rode towards Los Barrios. Near the cross which stands on the summit of the hill, overlooking the town, I met a man with whom I was well acquainted. "Where are you going, Pepé," said he, with a look of consternation. "Do you not know, that yesterday, Don Tomas Iglesias, and Don Rafael Aranda, after being missing from home for several days, were found dead in the Cork Wood, murdered; and that *you* are suspected of having done the deed! The mass for the repose of their souls is to be chaunted to-night—to-morrow the interment takes place. Innocent or guilty—go not there." I turned my horse, and galloped home. For some time I brooded over my situation; but this state was insupportable, and I resolved, come what might, to see Pomasina. I went to the town, to the house, and was admitted. I found the family in deep mourning, the room darkened. I was received in solemn silence. The old people appeared to be so overpowered with their grief as scarcely to be aware of my presence. After a dreadful pause of some minutes, Pomasina spoke; "Wretched Pepé," said she, "what have you done?—for that this bloody deed was yours, I can have no doubt. I had faith in man's love—in man's devotion to one dear object. I believed in the existence of a feeling—of a passion, which could keep down, control, the natural violence of your dispositions. Alas! I am awakened from my dream! You have destroyed a whole family. These miserable old people are broken-hearted; they have not long to live. I shall close their eyes, and then—unite myself to another lover, one who will not deceive me. A convent will be my abode. Now go, they will not molest you. The *Corregidor* has been here and made en-

quiry into the affair. My distracted parents could not utter a word, and—may God forgive me!—I declared our belief, our firm persuasion, that *you* had no hand in this horrid crime; that we were certain it was the act of banditti, for whom search is making. Go—live and repent.”

“To *you*, kind Englishman,” continued the Miller, after a pause, “to *you* I venture to tell all this. I think you will pity me. I never beheld Pomasina again. She is a nun in a convent at Madrid. From this fatal affair I date the commencement of all my misfortunes, my crimes, if you will. Had Pomasina been permitted to become my wife, I should never have proved the unfortunate wretch you see before you.”

I retired to the couch, which had been prepared for me, my gun by my side, and I quietly slipped a ball into each barrel over the usual charge. But there was not any danger. This man, murderer as he is, would not shed the blood of a guest. I slept soundly. Early on the following morning I was off again in pursuit of another day's sport.

J. W.

SONNET: TO ZENOBIA.

OF Tadmor's queen by night and day I think,
Brought to this musing by a matchless maide,
Who ne'er to me a word of love hath saide;
Yet, through her glance I am on Sappho's brink.
She has the name Palmyra's queen once bore
The dauntless foe that tamed Aurelian's pride,
And rul'd the city of the desert wide;
And Syria own'd her lord, and countries more
Knewe well her conquering force. Such is my love,
And such her beautie fair that few her see
But fall down charm'd, and worship silently,—
Sweet beautie's essence is my own pure dove.
Earth's other gifts I reckon would as nought,
Were she but mine—the maid that rules each thought.

RODERICK THE "FAIR-HAIRED:"

A TALE OF THE NORTH.

THE "season of the singing of birds" has always been remarkable as that in which the human mind is most susceptible of the energies of nature; when the universal chorus of creation finds an answering sympathy in every heart. It was on a beautiful evening in April, when the buds of the mountain-timber and the green leaves of the lichen had just expanded into existence; when the snow-wreaths of Slochkmuck had receded toward the mountain-top before the genial influence of the reviving sun, that Roderick Vich Allan Bain, or the fair-haired, set forward to pay a formal visit to "his ain dear lassie." Bonny Mary MacCairbre, who tarried beyond the ridges of the breezy Minikaig, was the idol of his heart; but, as "the course of true love never did run smooth," Roderick's connexions were as averse to his attachment as his fondness and affection were ardent and sincere. Mary had been the object of his early selection, on whom his spirit doated; and like twin-tendrils they had grown up, unconscious of their mutual regards, and knew love only by its name.

Their tender solicitudes had become so identified with their existence, that the casual absence of either was lamented not as an ordinary incident, but as an evil which the voice of their mourning could alone express. Roderick delighted in attending for Mary her lambkins, when she had wandered far away from her fleecy charge, perhaps to pluck a handful of crow-flowers or gowans to wreath the snowy neck of her pet lamb, or to gambol over the green sward with her hoyden playmates. Rather than suffer her to follow, or his "colly" to annoy the bleating wanderers, strayed along the bog, he would toss with a jerk his highland plaid across his well-set, broad, and brawny shoulders, and dislodge them with a tenderness meant for Mary's special observance, of which it was so worthy. Having attained to those years when woman's stature, if not her maturity, incite her to a higher sphere of maiden duty, an offer was held out to her by a distant relative, of distinguished family, lately married, in the capacity of a humble friend. This lady's husband, Saunders MacSillergrip, Esq., had by a former marriage, in India, two volatile minxes of daughters, carrotty, insolent, and in their teens, besides a maiden sister, an atrabilious canting paragon of stale perfection, and an ever-meddling mother, a thrifty dowager well stricken in years, living with him *en famille*, from whose annoyances, attached as they were by ties so numerous and so strong, the persecuted, unsuspecting, inexperienced creature found it quite impracticable to escape. The engagement thence became no less consolatory and gratifying to the lady herself than desirable to Mary. Her education having in time been carefully superintended, and her natural aptitude making the task of instruction light, she, after a little while, became the pride and toast of Starvitout, her only ambition being to make conquests, until her success had smitten her self-love into a desire to adore the attrac-

tions of her own charms. Ever since her preferment to the favour of her lady-relative and protectress, Mary had, to Roderick's bitter disappointment, lost all recollection of her former admirer. They, however, who look deeper into the mysteries of human motive than a fond, confiding lover, may account for the defection of one "as faithless as she was fair," without taxing her with more ingratitude than ordinarily falls to the lot of erring, frail humanity. Where woman chooses for herself, wealth, or the reputation of possessing it, are often leading requisites in her selection—and where these are desiderated, personal endowment and address will sometimes stand in better stead—requisites which prove supreme in every grade, from the fair slip of nobility, adorned with the splendour, gems, and sunshine of her nuptial morning, to the youthful spinster, escaped from her native obscurity, and arrayed in a "kirtle of green." Of possessing all or any of these qualities, however, it was Roderick's good or ill fortune never to have been accused. In their absence he had imbibed, in his early youth, a provoking squint, with an awkwardness of gait and demeanour so frequently characterizing stupid, staring rusticity. The obliquity of his visual organs had been attributed to an old crone residing in his native village, who was reputed to have held mystic converse with the author of evil and his imps of darkness, and to have revenged herself upon her revilers by causing the hare-lip, and swivel-eyes, and rickets to their bonniest bairns. Old Nacketty Poker (for by that name was the beldame known) had often puzzled, with her cabalistic sayings, the learned acumen of Parson Donald, the parish minister of Droneaway; puzzled Snuffy Willie, the ruling elder and leather-cutter of Starvitout; perplexed the godly of every denomination; and exasperated all the villagers. The subjoined verse Nacketty had been overheard repeating, which all adjudged as applicable to Roderick and his fond attachment to bonny Mary, the idol of his early choice:—

MacCairbre's mighty line is gone,
That left the land A LONELY ONE,
But, ere A BRIDE be sought and given,
There's EYES shall look TWO WAYS TO HEAVEN !!!

No more to dally with the caprices, or submit to live the may-game of his unfaithful fair one, Roderick's despair and indecision gave way to renewed energy and prompt resolve; and, saddling Bauldy his pony with the alacrity of one intent on knowing "from whence his sorrows grew," determined to ride into Starvitout before the dawning of the morrow.

Though seldom lacking courage on ordinary occasions, especially at weddings, wakes, and country fairs, where cracked crowns are so frequently in current circulation, Roderick inherited an insuperable aversion to spunkies, fairies, benshees, witches, fetches, wraiths, and other hobgoblins and instruments of malevolence and slander, which frequently deterred him from venturing a bow-shot beyond the threshold of his own domicile without turning his eyes on each other, and these again in suspicion on the inmost recesses of his soul, for which their obliquity rendered them so peculiarly well fitted. Ro-

derick was the complete abstraction of a true Highland dandy of the old school. Over the breasts and broad skirts of his tartan jacket a profusion of plated buttons, deployed in double columns, a fashion still in splendid repute with the "hernes and gallow-glasses" of the North. His ample plaid, or rauchan, was of a texture known by the name of "Charlie's pattern," crossed at right angles, and formed into regular divisions, like the chequers of a tavern door. A broad blue bonnet, tastefully bound and decorated with ribbon, protruded over his eyebrows like a hen in the act of hatching; whilst his hair, sandy-yellow, hung over his shoulders in elf-locks, commingling with the satin bands which fastened his bonnet behind; and his hair combed down in front to meet the intervening lines of two well-chiselled eyebrows, giving to his countenance an expression lover-like and handsome; which, barring the deformity of his swivel-eyes, was marked by traits of no ordinary sentiment, feeling, ingenuousness, and observation.

The cloud of night, which had now set in, gave evidence of that hallowed time when man desires to hold communings with his spirit, and was rendered still more solemn and impressive by the sober and chastened livery which all things wore around. Bauldy, the pony, was led forth, every way "loth," from the shelter of his warm stall, to accompany his master's lone pilgrimage across the distant moors, whose gestures sufficiently indicated he had as lief be left behind. To no purpose he pawed the green sward, and looked cross, as his master was inexorable; though such an hour of night was calculated to shake from its purpose any resolution, unimbued with the heroism of affection, or a heart less sturdily constructed than honest Roderick's; he set off at a handy-gallop from the door-post of Bauldy's stable, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, and leaving his aunt, Tibby, a maiden resurrection of dry bones, and Jenny Glendinning, a fair one who had long set her cap at him to little purpose, and the heiress of a mud cottage and a yellow cow, to wind up the catastrophe of their mutual forebodings. Riding at a good round pace for many miles, he arrived at the dreary mountain-pass of Glendhu, where the hills stand out in bold relief, and are covered to their summits with brushwood and the pine, while the torrent rushes for ever at their rocky foundations, which stand, unharmed, in mockery at the wrath of ages. For miles around the air is rendered vocal with the romantic melody of the clime. Here, from the mountain aloft, where a coppice-wood embowered the brae, a human voice was heard, and afterwards a rustling amongst the leaves and trees, demanding who passed? Roderick, naturally disposed to civility, made answer as mildly as his contempt for danger, and a sense of his own energy, permitted, which was that sort of courage that animated the Celt when he met the spirit of Loda, and plucked him by the beard—starting from his ambush, and snatching the colt's bridle with the desperation and despair of one prepared for a sanguinary event, he had almost gained the mastery, when, in their struggle, each discovered in the other an old friend, the intruder being no other than poor English, "a man more sinned against than sinning;" who, having beaten all the crack men of Starvitout at the old game of fisti-

cuffs, and, like Alexander, having nothing more to conquer, was declared by universal clamour as "a terror to the country," for which he had found it expedient to wander in search of a more hospitable clime. Having intended no personal harm, his only object having been to secure a steed, to bear him to some inhabited spot, where his miseries might at least be pitied if not relieved, little obstacle was presented to the renewal of their ancient friendship. Having thus met under circumstances as extraordinary in their character as fortunate for their mutual convenience, they agreed that during the remainder of their journey, Tom having consented to return with his old acquaintance, the well-known accommodation of "ride and tie" should be enjoyed. A bumper of genuine Glenlivet (from whose locality the two fast friends were now at no great distance) tended to make their hearts as cheerful and unfettered as ever scorned demon or danger in the pass of Glendhu. A native of Yorkshire, Tom had been known on the turf as an unsuccessful, rash, and respected speculator, who had run through an ample fortune in his ruinous pertinacity in betting on the long odds. He had afterwards found it expedient to seek an asylum in the Highland capital, in the hopes of one day being enabled to repair his broken fortunes—that asylum he too bitterly discovered, "which vultures give to lambs," where the denizens of the North would sooner view the basilisk, armed with all its terrors, than look upon the face of a stranger, and that stranger's name uncultified with some eternal "Mac." Having traversed the moorlands without encountering any other adventures than such as are to be expected in a mountain region, peopled only with the heath-fowl and deer, the country gradually threw off its sombre aspect, opening into a pishah-view, which presented Starvitout in the distance, with its casements gleaming in the morning sun. At a short distance from the town the travellers reclined on the gentle slope of a green hillock, luxuriating in the prospect spread before them, of hill and dale, the water-fall, the Druid temple, the mountain in mist, with the blue waves, and expanse of the shipless sea; and last, though not unworthiest in Roderick's estimation, because his love, and life, and soul were centered there, Mac Sillergrip's abode, where bonny Mary was expected still to tarry.

The feathery clouds had flung their variegated shapes athwart the lines of heaven in resplendent variety, contrasting their tints with the deeper dye of the pure cerulean blue, the aspect betokening a day devoted to sunshine and showers. Here the travellers remained for some time, calculating probabilities, and concerting measures for poor Tom's safety, until the cloud of night should shelter him from surprise. He was to be met at the Druid stone, near the house-gate of Mr. Mac Diddleton, the legal "doer" or adviser of Saunders Mac Sillergrip, Esq., "a great man amongst little men, and a little man amongst great."—After parting with Tom, Roderick seemed perfectly absorbed in abstraction, all external objects being entirely lost to his perception, and his countenance betraying a melancholy and a mourning as though he had been attending the funeral of his own hopes. His thoughts revolved on the object of his tenderest solicitude, a being so exalted in his esteem, while the pangs of absence, and the fulness

and feeling of mutual endearment alone engrossed his memory. His reverie, however, was suddenly aroused by the clanking of bells at every little Highland habitation, sprinkled "few and far between," along the spacious surface of the "Great Glen." This trick of bell-ringing has long been a favourite freak with the "Gentlemen of the North," which is practised on pretence of summoning their retainers to their breakfast and dinner gruel, but in reality to ring their importance in the ears of passing strangers and of one another, verifying to the letter the proverb of "the hog's shearing—great cry and little wool." For ages, however, other petty lairdlings have continued thus to exact their "peppercorn of praise," a species of black-mail, contributed at the expense of passing travellers, which, for want of knowing better, many are but too ready to concede; whence may thrice a-day be heard the discordant tingle of bells, at the mansions or farms of all the potent families, known chiefly by their patronymics—of the Mac Clatters, the Mac Tatters, the Mac Shuffles, the Mac Shifts, the Mac Needymores, the Mac Greedymores, the Ragmores, the Lackfields, the Heathfields, the Altnaclaws, the Coiryfiddles, the Fillyfaddles, the Castlclacklesses, the Braxybraes,—with a host of other equally distinguished people, the least of whom would be considered moderate in their appropriation or pretensions if, besides their Highland inheritance, they did not also, perdue, lay claim to a whole Eastern province, or a sugar island at the least, of which they know as much as Sancho Panza, with his barber's basin, of the island and governorship of Barataca.—But, as Crabbe says—

"Well, go your way, for I do feel it shame
To stay such beings with so proud a name."

Passing onwards, Roderick came in full review of the pretty little valley of Flowerdale, a spot long sacred to fancy, feeling, and the muse, and associated with circumstances connected with literature, which must render it interesting to the admirers of genius and of song. Here lived the venerable Cato Bean, from whose legendary stories Mac Pherson drew so largely in his Highland tours; and here was the favourite haunt of David Carey, who sung the "Pleasures of Nature," and the "Reign of Fancy," and whence the chief attractions of his finest effusions have been drawn; here also Mrs. J— concocted her lessons in the cuisine, by which the gourmand has so highly profited, under the designation of "Meg Dodds;"—here wandered, in his happiest moods, the author of "Modern Athens," and "Babylon the Great," until sickened and soured with the ways of men in this land of oppression, the recollection of which his soul has indelibly retained;—and here "even-handed Justice returned the poisoned chalice" to the lips of Scotland's king, and where the grave of Duncan is still pointed out. Impressed with the grandeur and solitude of the scenery around, Roderick's feelings, involuntarily bursting the bonds of control, vented forth in melody, which was timed to the simple modulations of his own rustic verse; and however rude the cadence, or unworthy of Apollo's ear the strain may have been, yet tenderness certainly marked the emotion with which he poured it forth, whose pathos is never wanting when affection finds a theme:—

RODERICK BAIN'S SONG.

My bosom has glow'd an' been blithe as might be,
 Though the cauld blasts o' winter hae blawn upon me;
 In my Highland plaid belted I brav'd their alarms,
 Wi' my flocks on the brae an' my maid in my arms.
 In the shieling at eve, when the sun has gane down,
 I hae told her the deeds o' our grandsires' renown,
 An' the hopes o' our hearts that hae parted in sorrow
 Gave promise to day o' new joys on the morrow.

I hae climb'd the high cliff in the howl o' the storm,
 To pluck a bright gem frae thy brow, Caringorm!
 Which my lassie wore snooded 'mid ringlets o' jet,
 Like the star shinin' out when the red sun is set;
 An' the clan-blood she boasted deep-thrill'd frae the core
 As the light o' her e'e dimm'd the diamond she wore.
 For she priz'd it the mair that in danger 'twas riven,
 Where nane but the eaglet was witness an' Heaven.

If the deer stood aloft on the heath o' the hill,
 When the chace was forgot and the stalker was still,
 She would say 'twas the likeness o' Love, sae untrue,
 Love trampling on tears as the deer on the dew.
 Syne my troth I replighted till joy's beamin' glow
 Rose elate like the heath frae the bound o' the roe,
 When the pibroch's loud numbers to her I resounded,
 An' the gush o' her heart in its gladness rebounded.

The fame o' our fathers reviv'd in the strain,
 Till the clans in my fancy a' gathered again;
 Their meikle farraras red-kindled in wrath,
 Where the files of the foe lay encumbering their path,
 Whilst the national thistle way'd withering an' lone,
 As the brave on the heath o' their mountains were strown,
 An' the maid o'er the melody hung, an' accorded
 Such praise as the mountain-tongue fondly afforded.

Breadalbane I told her was winsome and fair,
 Though the robes o' the winter its hills ever wear;
 Its clear burnies rinnin' like Highland hearts free
 To the streams o' Dunkeld an' the tides o' Dundee.
 A cot there I promised to build o' the pine
 If she gave her consent to be faithfu' an' mine;
 An' the sunshine mair softly ne'er drapt on the river
 Than she yielded to me to be faithfu' for ever.

The braes ha'e been bonny, the glens ha'e been green,
 An' the mists on the mountains in slumbers are seen,
 When my flocks wi' the flocks o' my love would recline,
 An' her lambs on the moorlands aye mingled w' mine.
 There is love in a cottage an' wealth in conten
 An' the hopes that rely on their lot ne'er relent,
 Sae I think ere the sun glints again owre the heather
 Ae plaidie shall twine our two fortunes thegither

Having nearly attained to his journey's limits, objects, long familiar to former observation, successively invited Roderick's gaze, like the land-mark to the mariner, as he first descries the bold blue promontories of his native shore. Every shrub and tree, from the sheltering thorn to the gnarled oak was hallowed by reminiscences, whence the emotions of his spirit derived an answering sympathy and tone. The steeple of Starvitout, surrounded by flickering squadrons of uproarious daws, splendidly uprose like a giant in his strength; and at a little distance from it the public seminary, where the learned languages are taught in purity and ease, and the morals of its teachers and pupils corrected by the castigating staff of the Laird of Ragmore;—next was seen the court-house, that arena so ripe with the conflicts of insatiable Highland litigants, who, having consigned the claymore to self-destruction, rely for revenge on the law's award, which is marked by a loss of "siller," and not of life.—Arrived at the approach to the "gude town," a hue and cry was bruited all round, that a stranger had entered, when doors, casements, attics, and alleys, became instantly peopled with stupid, staring spectators of every grade, from the kilted dealer in sulphur and broad-cloth, down to the raw-boned "gilly," whose only ideas of civilized existence were derived from the occasional appearance of a passing traveller. Crossing a rickety old fabric, endued with the fearful responsibilities of a bridge, where a toll had long been levied to defray the charge of drains and "snishen," ab sederunts of the town council, the fond, the fair, the long-expected termination of Roderick's toils—the Eden of his bliss, and El Dorado of his happiness—bore in view. A hand was distinctly seen to rest upon a window-sill, which, exciting the tenderest sensations of one naturally vivacious and keen, he kissed at, smiled upon, and waved to, until on nearer approach he discovered the hand to be the withered member of old Granny Mac Sillergrip, laid out to catch a little warmth in the sun. Arrived at the mansion, Roderick dismounted, and announced himself to the porter, a whity-brown-faced savage, who sometimes also acted as the Laird's amanuensis, purveyor of scandal to the ladies, and conscience-keeper to the family at large, who had aforetime qualified himself by a few months' study at the University of Aberdeen, where he had picked up as much tolerable broken English as enabled him to carry on his vocation with a degree of success, creditable to him as a "stichet minister" from the alma mater of that renowned city.

In a moment the fellow returned from Mac Sillergrip, his master, intimating, with an Aberdeen air and bow, the desire of that gentleman to see Roderick in the drawing-room. On his admission he discovered the family seated all round, occupied with their various pursuits and pastimes, namely, the laird scrutinizing his leases and debentures; his daughters conning over the last new rondo; his sister, Miss Helen, exploring the "Whole Duty of Man;" and old granny Mac Sillergrip employed like another Omphale at her distaff, half smothered in orts, and begriming the Turkey carpets, and other costly furniture, with her refuse of flax; whilst the sorrowing, meek, neglected, unprotected, and miserable creature, Mac Sillergrip's degraded wife, sat brooding over her sorrows in silence, exposed to the

homilies (for her soul's health) of Miss Helen; the taunts and contempt of the baggages, her step-daughters; the occasional sniftings of old Granny Mac Sillergrip; and the interminable snubs of the beast, her husband. In the midst of such a circle was Roderick introduced, scarce knowing whither to turn himself, how to best advantage to get rid of his hat, and hands, and arms; and, not the least in an inexperienced rustic's estimation, when and to whom to do the genteel. Having soon satisfied the party of the purpose of his visit, (to the commingled mirth and wonderment of each who listened to his tale,) Granny, with a measure of garrulity, the gifted privilege of old age, was the first to undeceive him with regard to Miss Mac Cairbre's imputed infidelity to her lover, whose narrative as she proceeded was helped out or amended by the young ladies, nodded to in assent by the model of dried antiquity, her daughter, at times interrupted by the broad laughter of the laird, and heard in silent sorrow by his wife. As Granny had a sage old maxim of "singing a quick tune and working to it," her story and occupation proceeded with an equal pace, the necessity being urgent indeed that could whistle her away from her wheel. During her off-hand and round-about relation, Roderick, like Regulus in his barrel, suffered a thousand pangs, whilst every word she uttered inflicted as many tortures. Just as the old lady's threads had numbered twenty-four, her story quickened to a pretty smart conclusion; she performing her manipulations with a tact, celerity, and precision that would have done honour to Cocker or Dilworth, and conferred immortality on Napier and his bones. "The fause quean!" added she, with a toss of her head, "she did weal to despise the coonsels an' desert the bonny roof-tree o' the auncient fameely o' the Mac Sillergrips; there's twenty-five, an' wi' her joe, a loup-the-land scape-grace Irish officer there's twenty-six, as glaiket, gearless, an' unsib to kith or kin as ony moolan' cowte; there's twenty-seven, wha decoyed the bairn-bride awa' afore the half-mark minister o' Littlegoodie; there's twenty-eight, to join their two misfortunes together; there's twenty-nine, an' I wish the deil had broken baith their necks, an' that's thirty."

On hearing the fatal issue of all that had been to him animating in hope, and mortified at the thought of having been jilted, Roderick's struggling sensibilities broke forth in an agony of tears; and dropping his half-fledged chin, as yet innocent of razor, into the loose folds of his cravat, a drop of Granny's choice unchristened Glenlivat being presented to him, the brooding troubles of his wounded spirit appeared for a time to yield. Even the laird himself, "albeit unused to the melting mood," felt for the poor fellow's state, presenting him at the same time with a substantial proof of his kindness and commiseration, an act largely recompensed by the measure of satisfaction and self-approval which his generosity yielded to his own heart. Roderick, on taking leave, and expressing his gratitude for the kindness he had received, was proceeding to retrace his steps, when met by the "sticket minister" at the hall-door, and again honoured with a second representation of his Aberdeen bow, which he continued to perform while Roderick grouped for a small coin to reward him with, on receiving which the out-pourings of the fellow's gratitude and

joy were equalled only by the fervour of his benisons and extravagance of his praise (approaching to the worship of divinity), when with three huge strides he stalked along the corridor towards his kennel, as great in his own estimation as any "dominie" who ever "broke Priscian's head" in the University and King's College, Aberdeen. Going up towards Bauldy, the pony, he discovered the poor brute in a brown-study, with his mane in disorder, as though he had been luxuriating himself in his master's absence by scraping acquaintance with the door-post, a trick at times imputed to many of Bauldy's Celtic betters. Roderick forthwith mounted his beast with a determination again to tempt that nucleus of every terror, the old bridge before mentioned, in search of shelter for himself, Bauldy, and poor Tom, when the little hostel of Duncan the Gentleman, invited his attention. This Duncan had owed his honourable soubriquet not to the common origin whence the "great men" of Starvitout—for they are all great men in Starvitout—derive the patent of their honours, namely, to self-esteem, and steadily adhering to the prudential maxim of "Caw me, caw thee," but to a circumstance the relation of which the indulgent reader may not deem a breach of the ordinary unities of "a true and faithful history." A bachelor of sixty, and weary of the reputed comforts of "single blessedness," Duncan became of a sudden mightily taken with the attractions in purse and beauty of a buxom widow, residing in his neighbourhood, and possessing the additional recommendation of being of kin to Andrew Mac Diddleton, the influential lawyer, and chief proprietor of "burgage tenement," in Starvitout, a personage as useful in his vocations in a town where continual appeal to legal remedy is as indispensable to one's security and comfort, as its whisky-punch to dissipate the gloom and vapours engendered by its miserable clime, and on whose good offices in the way of business Duncan had calculated to the value of their last groat. It however happened that the widow had set her cap at higher game in Dominie Doall, already mentioned, whose attachment to the attenuated purse and person of the antiquated Miss Helen Mac Sillergrip seemed the only bar to their mutual cleaving; and having besides but little relish for the business of Duncan's trade, "to chronicle small beer," her rejection of his suit was the more readily determined. Rejection to a man of Duncan's sensitive and fiery qualities, and "one whose instincts did the work of reason," was more than pride could bear, and, tossing over his shoulder his spick-and-span new tartan mantle, he rushed from his domicile with the furor of one prepared for a rash event, like Ajet, when he went forth never to return. A struggling in the stream which skirted Mac Sillergrip's mansion, commingled with the cries of the repentant Duncan, aroused the household to his assistance, who, with the aid of pitch-forks, tongs, and mop-sticks, succeeded in fishing the poor fellow into shoal water, and afterwards spreading him out in the sun-shine to dry! His identity being discovered by means of a cotton stripe, in imitation of scarlet, interwoven in the texture of his tartan mantle, which Granny Mac Sillergrip had spun, and alone could dye, Duncan was trundled homewards like a dripping Triton, vociferating all the way he "should die like a gentleman!"

whilst, in the mean time, Granny Mac Sillergrip had swooned away, and fallen into hysterics, because the man had dared to attempt drowning himself in cloth of her spinning. To Duncan's exclamations he owed the name of "the Gentleman," which it must be admitted he ever afterwards proved in quality, though not in degree, endeavouring, in his humble calling, to render the readiest service of any in Starvitout, and affording the best and cheapest "entertainment both for man and horse" in that renowned borough.

At nightfall Roderick proceeded to the spot appointed for relieving poor Tom, whom he found not at his post, but in his stead, two whose presence had never for a moment entered into his mental calculation, namely, his aunty Tibby, accompanied by Jenny Glendinning, the heiress of a mud cottage and a yellow cow. On mutual explanation it turned out that Tom had met them on his return to the mountains, where he meant for the night to bury again his slumbers on the cold ground, when he intended to take the rout of the Spital of Glenshee, bidding everlasting adieu to a degenerated country, devoid of hospitality, liberty, and breeches. It also appeared that the tidings of Roderick's misadventures had been revealed to his aunt by the mysterious visitations of a dream, as well as the suspicions of her waking fancy, with the vagrant rumours which had crossed the moorlands and found her in her distant Highland glen. These had induced her to proceed forward to render the only gift she had to bestow, her consolation, which Roderick accepted with the utmost cordiality and gratitude. The party proceeded onward to the inn of Duncan the Gentleman. Duncan himself was descried in a little while pacing before his door in readiness to receive them, surrounded by his whole household of man-servant, maid-servant, pigs, poultry, mastiff, cat and kittens, mountain-goats, and every other creature which was his. His ample sign-board bore, as usual in country hostels, a more conspicuous figure than any other part of the mansion, armed with the common emblems of bacchanalian warfare, punch-bowl, dram-glasses, bottles, jugs, and decanters, in the middle of which a huge mountaineer revelled in pictorial pride, in the true paradise of every Highlander's desire, having "plenty of whiskey, enough of snishen, and a rams-horn for a mull." The party were shown into a little sanded parlour, which aforetime had been the sanctuary of Simon Lord Lovat, when the troubles of his times had obliged him to enter into voluntary exile, where the renowned Macpherson partook his stirrup-cup, in wending forth to Morven of the many storms—and latterly the chosen haunt of every good fellow for many a mile around. Although the spider and time had netted and encrusted its walls with cobwebs, and the erugo of years, yet there was seen around that which bespoke the former existence of better days, not to mention the more modern decorations of Duncan the Gentleman, comprising "The Prodigal Son"—"Solomon in all his Glory"—"The Drowning of Pharaoh and his Host in the Red Sea"—and the "Tailor riding to Brentford"—which formed the leading graces in Duncan's unique cabinet. To defeat witchcraft and dispel glamour, boughs of rowan-tree or mountain-ash were arranged around the walls in tasteful variety—a sprig adorning the diadem of

Solomon—the a-hungred prodigal cleaving to another as to his last hope—Pharaoh's Host submerged in a flood of rowan-berries, "purple as the Tyrian dye;" and the Tailor's coat brocaded all over with leaves of the liveliest green. The landlord, availing himself of the ancient privilege of "preen' his ain stoup," showed the best example to his guests. The "tass" plied cheerily round until Roderick's fancy and feelings, elevated above the cares, anxieties, and disappointments of his former affection, derived renewed energy and hope from the love-smiles and maiden innocence of Jenny Glendinning, and the more substantial attractions of her mud cottage and her yellow cow. Marriage was named by his aunt, and listened to with the divinest loveliness by Jenny. The reverend Thomas Twintext was forthwith invited as "the canniest at puttin' twa thegither," who performed the holy rite with due Presbyterian decorum, to the cordial satisfaction of all. The neighbours all round were summoned to assist in and countenance the nuptial festivity, while Willie Morrison's best reels and strathspeys relieved at intervals the martial and spirit-stirring measures of the bagpipe, giving youth to age, and elasticity to the limbs of all who had met there to lash the helm of harmony. The potency of Duncan's usquebaugh having rather overcome the joyous heart of the happy bridegroom, he was put to rest in comfortable ignorance of the felicities which awaited him, while the company kept it up with unabated joviality until broad day, every one promoting his own happiness by conferring it on others. Awakening from his slumbers, Roderick seemed unconscious of all that had been transacted the night previous, and least of all suspecting "where a fair bride lay," he addressed her as to Tom, who he supposed had taken shelter with him for the night, enquiring "why he wore a woman's cap on his head of nights?" But being undeceived,

* * * * *

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

Now welcome, welcome, baby-boy, unto a mother's fears,
The pleasure of her sufferings, the rainbow of her tears,
The object of your father's hope, in all he hopes to do,
A future man of his own land, to live him o'er anew!

How fondly on thy little brow a mother's eye would trace,
And in thy little limbs, and in each feature of thy face,
His beauty, worth, and manliness, and every thing that's his,
Except, my boy, the answering mark of where *the fetter is!*

A FRAGMENT

Oh, such faces as we see when we are young — BYRON.

THE bells are ringing cheerily,
Hark to the peal of the signal gun,
A king with the flower of his chivalry
And the pride and pomp of his pageantry
Comes forth to tell of freedom won.
And the kerchiefs are waving, the banners are flung
To the breeze, and the shout of the swelling throng
Rolls awful and grand o'er the stillness among
The lone aisles of yon gothic cathedral strong.

I stood beside a pillar lone,
In that vast crowd unmarked, unknown,
To gaze on the flow of that gorgeous throng,
As it rolled its stately billows along—
And England's noblest dames are there,
And few are they who with them may compare.

But who is she with the jewelled brow,
And the noble air, and the Phydian face,
And the lustrous eyes that are bent on me now,
Like an angel's, in pity, from that high place?

Oh, God, such loveliness, such power
Of youthful beauty, till this hour
Ne'er shook my soul so, though on high
I've winged me to the glorious sky,
Into the realms of thought afar,
And viewed the countless forms of light
That dwell in every shining star,
As their own holy essence bright,
Upborn by that high poet's wing,
The Florentine, to whom was given,
T' unveil the mysteries of heaven.

Yet it was not the jewel that flash'd through the braid
Of her dark shining hair, nor the hue of the rose
That slept on her cheek, nor the graces that played
Round her lips, or in dimples, were lull'd to repose
That wrought on my soul. Oh no, for my eye
Had wandered o'er faces as glorious in hue,
And heeded them not, save as sunbeams that fly
O'er our path for an instant, and vanish from view.

Words may not paint it, 'twas a power
That beamed from those dark lustrous eyes,
Beneath whose softness seemed to cower
One's thoughts,—a feeling of the skies ;
Something of mystic and sublime,
A dream of worlds beyond all time,
Such as the painter's hand of grace
Hath placed within the Sybil's eye,
Or in your martyr's raptured face,
Of inspiration,—constancy ;
Or like the starry midnight's gleam
That sleeps on the breast of the tranquil stream.

FRENCH NOVELISTS.

GUSTAVE DROUINEAU.*

It is with a more than ordinary degree of satisfaction that we feel called upon to notice some of the writings of the author, whose name we have affixed to this article, inasmuch as they present us with the solitary example of a modern French composer of fiction, who has uniformly studied to interweave the soundest philosophy with the more elegant graces of fiction, and to make the labours of the novelist subservient to the inculcation of morality and religion. How great was the desideratum, which it is the object of this founder of a new school to supply, must have been obvious to every peruser of modern French literature, and no slight praise is due to the judgment that dictated, and the firmness and ability that effected, a return to a more healthy and invigorating tone of composition. Hitherto we have had cleverly executed pictures of society, clever satires upon modern manners, involving the most daring speculations upon all high and abstruse principles of politics and religion; but they have been all deficient in a moral end. Their object seems to have been to vex and unsettle, rather than to soothe and allay, the troubled waters of society: to perplex and lead astray the untutored intellect in the mazes of scepticism, rather than to point out the necessity of its seeking a support in some acknowledged system of morality and religious belief. The benefits derived by France from her bloody revolution, and her bloodier years of warfare, are undoubtedly great—liberty of thought and action, the destruction of privileges and monopolies, the incessantly progressive right of electing her representatives, admissibility to places, the gradual distribution of property, a well digested system of jurisprudence, the adoption of the trial by jury, the liberty of the press, liberty of the arts and sciences—in fine, liberty civil and religious. But all these are vain and nugatory without the binding principles of moral and religious justice. Of what avail is the trial by jury, when there is no sanctity accorded to an oath? Is life less secure when at the mercy of an arbitrary judge, than when it depends upon the verdict of a man who acknowledges no moral responsibility. Hence it is that the working of the new system has given so little satisfaction. To make the trial by jury a serviceable safeguard to the lives and liberties of the people, there must previously exist a moral aptness and fitness in the community that adopts it to give force and effect to its operations. It must be based upon conscientious feelings, and a due respect to the inviolable sanctity of oaths, and these are incompatible with the scepticism universally prevalent among our neighbours; in a word, it must rest upon religious conviction, whatever shape that conviction may assume. Another point of equal importance to the due appreciation of the benefits and proper discharge

* *L'Ironie*: a Novel. Paris.

of the duties resulting from these constitutional forms of liberty which seems to have been wholly overlooked by the popular French writers, is the encouragement of the domestic virtues: the affections that cluster round the family fireside, the purer and more exalted sympathies of our nature, that bind man to man in the bonds of social benevolence, should be fostered and promoted with the greatest care. Around this point every thing else must rally; it is the nucleus of the social system. To demonstrate the importance of these truths, and to promote a general belief in the necessity of their adoption, has been the laudable endeavour of Gustave Drouineau, in a series of novels, of more or less merit, which he has given to the public. They all embody some philosophical principle, which is uniformly made to bear upon a moral object.

In that which forms the subject of the present article, he has laboured to point out and to combat the desolating influence of the spirit of irony—that spirit which humiliates in order that it may afterwards deny morality, which laughs at principles that it may efface the recollection of that from which it emanates, which sports with all creeds, whether political, moral, or religious, and from whose attacks the natural affections are not safe.

In his attempt to reduce it to a system, to trace it in its various disguises in the political and social world, M. Drouineau, it must be owned, has given ample latitude to the meaning of the simple word irony. In fact, he not unfrequently makes it the characteristic feature of a combination of events, of a course of policy, of the events of an epoch; he is strange, but there is method in his strangeness—but our readers shall judge for themselves.

The story commences at the period when the events of the 18th Brumaire had placed the genius of Buonaparte in the ascendant: The feeble and contemptible Directory had disappeared in the all-absorbing glory of the hero, and France, tired of the experiments of empyric statesmen, transferred her destinies to the victor of Lodi. He talked to the people of liberty and equality, while he rivetted their fetters; and but a few short days after a funeral procession in honour of Washington, he proceeded in state to instal himself in the Tuilleries, and to reconstruct monarchical etiquette, after a new fashion. His genius was not content with governing the deliberations of the assemblies, but descended to direct the private concerns of families, as an elephant picks up pins. He disposed of the hands of rich heiresses in favour of his chosen followers, because his system of fusion demanded it.

Among those whom Buonaparte thus made it a part of his policy to reward with a wife, was the Count de Juviesy. He was a man of considerable talents, and had acquitted himself of his diplomatic functions with distinction. Though eminently gifted with that happy elasticity of a true courtier which can bend itself to every thing, even to virtue itself, he possessed a dignity of demeanour which served to cover the baseness of the mind. His conduct was the invariable result of previous calculation; but as he jested upon all subjects, he was thought to want depth. His habits of raillery made it hard to distinguish his real from his assumed opinions. His conversation wa

pointed and epigrammatic; he made use of irony as an habitual weapon, rarely for the destruction of others, except when interest and opportunity concurred to urge him to it. His pliability and tact had brought him safe through the perils of the revolutionary assemblies, and he was now the devoted adherent of Buonaparte. The hand of the young and beautiful Salicetta de Naviers was to be his reward *par ordre*.

Salicetta's mother had been Spanish, and her daughter had all the grace and engaging eccentricity of the children of the south. She had received a mystic education in Spain, and at fifteen found herself transplanted into the midst of a society without religion. French manners were cold and deceitful in her eyes, for her mind was filled with the Spanish and Moorish romances, in which mistresses cut off their long hair in the absence of their lovers, while the lovers heroically plunged poniards into their arms to demonstrate the strength of their affection. But a short extract will give a better idea of her character than pages of description. Her uncle and aunt, the Count and Countess de Naviers, are charged to communicate to her the proposal of Juviesy, when the following scene takes place:—

“The Count and Countess entered the saloon with a grave deportment. The efforts of the Count in particular, to maintain an air of dignity, were so comical, that the gaiety of Salicetta could not withstand it. ‘Excuse me, uncle,’ said she, ‘but your gravity is irresistible;’ and she sunk upon a sofa, while laughter brought tears between her long black eyelashes.

“‘This gaiety augurs well,’ said the Count to his wife: but observing signs of discontent upon her countenance, he was silent.

“‘Eh! what!’ said Salicetta, ‘what do you mean?’

“‘You shall know it presently, my little niece,’ said the Count, caressingly.

“‘Presently—oh no—let it be immediately—don’t keep me in suspense—quick—quick, I beg of you,’ said she, joining her hands.

“‘Bless me, what impetuosity,’ said the Countess, ‘at the moment when you should be calm and collected, in order to receive the proposals we are to make to you with propriety.’

“‘Enough, aunt, I guess what is to follow this preamble. Has another lover presented himself?’

“‘Exactly,’ said she, with a quiet archness, meant to repress the agitation of the young Spaniard.

“‘Gracious Heavens!—Another? and one that does not even attempt to press his own suit: probably he is some great Lord, who will not condescend to make himself agreeable. Let us hear? Is he tall or short—or dark or fair—his name, his name?’

“‘I shall not tell you his name, Salicetta; you are not in a temper to hear it; suffice it to say, that the man who bears it will render it illustrious: he deserves your esteem—your affection he cannot fail to secure.’

“‘And why, then, do you fear to mention his name?’

“‘What pride in those few words! No, I am not afraid to mention the distinguished individual who does you the honour of soliciting your hand; but I am at a loss to know how you can reconcile vanity and devotion.’ And she rose to depart.

“‘My dearest aunt, you must not go away displeased with me; I shall be quiet and attentive: do sit down, and I shall do all you require.’

“‘Ah, we shall come to an understanding,’ said the Count, somewhat ashamed of the part he had played in the business: ‘surely there is no

need of such precaution in telling you that the individual for whom we plead is the Count de Juviesy.

"Why that exclamation? Is he not a man of the most distinguished merit, and capable of aspiring to the very highest rank?"

"Granted," said Salicetta, with caution, while her eyes were fixed upon the ground: "but our ages are different; he is quite gray."

"His experience will be of use to you in the world; and then he is not forty."

"And I am eighteen. To be brief, I don't love him."

"But you will."

"Never—never!"

"My dear Salicetta, do not pronounce these irrevocable words; God only can say always and never."

Salicetta clasped her hands and remained silent; then suddenly drawing forth a miniature which hung from a gold chain about her neck, she gazed upon it with overflowing eyes—it was the portrait of her father. "Oh, if you were living," exclaimed she, in the accents of grief, "I should be spared this persecution; you would not ask me to marry against my inclination. Thou best of fathers, I shall never cease to lament your death: until this moment I never knew the full extent of my loss. Oh, father, see how unhappy your poor daughter is!" Her lips were rivetted to the miniature; the Count and Countess were moved: the image of her father seemed to have inspired her with new energy.

"No, Madam," said she, rising, "the man who has not my heart shall never have my hand. The Count de Juviesy has not inspired me with the slightest particle of affection: let him cease to importune me, or I shall consider him as nothing better than one of those vile fortune-hunters, who persecute poor girls who have the misfortune to be rich, and who can never know if they are wedded for true love, as my father did my mother. Oh, they were indeed happy! Let me but be loved like her, and, like her, die young! Go, I pray you, proclaim to the world that I have become suddenly poor; invent some tale that may allow me the prospect of being loved for myself, that I may cease to think that it is the vile thirst of gold which draws around me those fawning things whose base hypocrisy is so tiresome and disgusting."

"All this is very romantic, Salicetta."

"I have never read romances; my confessor forbids it: but I can understand my heart. Tell Juviesy, that to proceed farther is to expose himself to the contempt of a woman."

After this explosion the Count de Naviers repairs to the first Consul to announce that the matrimonial ultimatum was rejected, while the Countess bears the tidings to Juviesy. The door of Buonaparte's cabinet was thrown open; a nervous sensation, like electricity, ran along the crowd; Buonaparte seemed agitated; he advanced with a quick step to the Count de Naviers, and said, in a voice as sharp as the point of a sword:—

"I never busy myself with the details of those matters: but it's all settled, is it not?"

"Yes, General," replied the heroic Count, trembling as if in a palsy fit.

"Tis well," said Buonaparte, retiring."

Let us now see the effect produced upon Juviesy. He rose from his seat, and walked up the room—"If the Consul," said he, "finds out that the Count had not the courage to say no to him, he will have a sad opinion of him; all will be lost. On the other hand Salicetta pretends she does not love me. Well, here is room for a bold and subtle

stroke; I must prove so her that she does not know what she says, and that she loves me to distraction." Here he mimicked the walk and gesture of Buonaparte.

"Will can do all things;—it made the world,—it shall make a marriage, I swear. The part of an empassioned lover is not so very difficult. I have a good memory, and since Salicetta must have a Spanish passion, she shall have one of the most high-flown, with the accompaniment of the guitar. The guitar shall be my Amphion's harp. By the sounds of its chords I shall build the edifice of our conjugal felicity. Imagination shall be my Proteus (I am decidedly mythological to-day). To be brief;—Madam, I shall cure your niece of this sentimental madness, that baneful poison, extracted from romances. Common-sense is the basis of everything, even of love. I hope, in a month, to be able to say to you,—I came, I saw, I conquered!"

Juviessy conducted his attack with such consummate art and dexterity, that the innocent Salicetta was soon entangled in the net of his sentimental hypocrisy.

"'I have been too hasty in judging him,' said she, 'can it be that his habitual irony and disdain are compatible with passion? Is it suffering that gives to his lips that turn of mockery? He has spoken of the mysteries of his life and heart? Has he been unhappy? Is he capable of an unalterable attachment?'"

This was much: a temporary absence and correspondence effected the rest. The account of the latter is thus given by Juviessy, writing to the Count de Naviers:—

"'I have just given the decisive blow! having written several letters with the proper admixture of the pathetic. I am not quite sure of having steered clear of the shoals of common-place; but it is so difficult to be new in writing love-letters. I am half afraid of having mixed some diplomatic jargon with the burning phrases of passion;—in truth, I am losing that fine style which gained me so much favour with the women; and were it not for the Heloise, I should never have got through with it. I was obliged to draw upon that fool Rousseau, for a supply of enthusiasm, and for the honour of a phrase I was forced to distil some tears in a glass. One of them, let fall upon the name of Salicetta, will produce a wonderful effect.'"

Three months' assiduous attention completed the fascination inspired by this imposture. Salicetta became the wife of Juviessy.

Time and accident soon discover to her that she had been duped. A sight of the ironical correspondence of Juviessy with her uncle Naviers revealed to her the cold artifice that had been practised against her happiness. Contempt and hatred for her husband followed the self-humiliation of the discovery. Doubt in the reality of virtue next took possession of her mind. The irony of Juviessy had destroyed the poetry of her affections, and it soon obliterated the poetry of her religious feelings. Led away by the desire of producing effect, and of scattering the scintillations of his wit around him in profusion, he demolished, at one moment, the principles he had laid down the moment before. Politics, morals, religion, science, history, arts, nature,—all were confused and melted away by the electric fluid of his ingenious scepticism, Salicetta was soon bereft of all belief, and in its stead she learned to wield the powerful weapon of irony for destroying it in others. A victim was not long in presenting himself. Monsieur Laviteal, a valued friend of the Count de Juviessy,

on his death-bed, commanded his two sons, Exupere and Fulgence, to the care of the Count. Laviteal had been firmly attached to revealed religion, and had given his sons a saintly education. Exupere repaired to an uncle in America, and settled down into the peaceful and industrious existence of a manufacturer. Fulgence became the secretary of Juviesy. Everything around Exupere tended to strengthen and confirm his religious impressions; the ironical sallies of Juviesy and Salicetta soon dissipated those of Fulgence. Young, susceptible, and enthusiastic, he looked upon things through the prism of the imagination, but raillery pierced him to the soul. His susceptible heart was soon won by the beauty and gentleness of Stephane, the *femme de chambre* of Salicetta, who happened to be a person of breeding and education above her station. They loved with all the ardour of youthful passion. Salicetta, who had been entangling Fulgence in the mazes of a flirtation, discovered their attachment, and in a fit of jealousy, orders Stephane to quit her house. Fulgence follows her to the humble roof of her father, a village schoolmaster,—declares his attachment, and his intention of joining the army of Napoleon, in order to be able to offer her a position in society, worthy of her merits. The resolution was soon put in practice. Fulgence soon distinguished himself; but as Colonel Laviteal he was a being very different from the unsophisticated Fulgence, the secretary. In vain his brother Exupere reminds him of the religious precepts inculcated by their father,—in vain Stephane reminds him of his plighted troth. The gay Colonel was an infidel, and a man of the world, too much occupied with the dissipation of the times to give heed to what reminded him of the inexperience of his youth. The glories of the empire had passed away, and the peaceful sloth of the restoration left him at liberty to pursue the career of pleasure. He again met Salicetta, and was again fascinated by her coquetry and beauty. He becomes her acknowledged admirer, and her constant attendant in the round of dissipation. On his return home from accompanying her to the opera, he observed,

“reclining on a stone bench opposite his door, a female with her head wrapped in a black veil and her garments drenched with the rain that had been falling at intervals. He drew a piece of money from his pocket and placed it upon the bench, the female rejected the proffered alms with a sudden motion; she drew aside her veil, and exclaimed, ‘I am not as yet a beggar’ * * * he recoiled as he recognized Stephane.

“‘Stephane, you must come with me to my apartments.’

“‘Never, unless with the title of your wife.’

“‘What brings you here in this plight, what have you to ask of me?’

“‘Can you ask me such a question, have I not received a letter from you that has almost driven me to distraction. Unable to endure uncertainty, I have sought to know the truth, however cruel it may be. Have you ceased to love me, Fulgence? have you resolved upon abandoning me?—speak, speak!’

“‘Listen to me, Stephane—when I first saw you I was young and inexperienced; sympathizing in the same illusions and sorrows, we loved each other, and I combatted with ardour the passion which seemed to cool my affection for you; for you I quitted the house of the Count de Juviesy and embraced the career of arms. In the enthusiasm of passion, I promised:—

“‘No more, I understand—you are going to tell me that you now

feel the obstacles that separate us ; you cannot marry the woman who, in the freshness of youth and beauty, was your mistress, concealed and observe, waiting with impatience for the short visits you could pay her in the interval of two campaigns. She has known misery in all its horrors.'

"Fulgence covered his face with his hands. 'Your sufferings go to my heart, but you are unjust in attributing them all to me. I gave way to the power which your beauty and the qualities of your mind were calculated to exercise over the breast, but I was not then aware of the rash influence of marriage upon the life of a man. I promised in a moment of phrenzy, when I could have promised to die after. But I leave it to yourself, Stephane,—could you be made happy by a union which must mar my destiny? You are poor. I have nothing but my scanty pay. I will divide it with you. I am not to blame for the prejudices of the world ; would it not close its doors against you? Could I enter it without you, and be subject to the ironical whispers of malicious fools? I have given proofs of courage in the field, but I fear a naked sword less than a sarcasm. I cannot shut myself up in my brother's factory. I have lost the belief in religion by which he regulates his life ; I abhor hypocrisy, and nothing can be more tiresome than perpetual discussions that lead to nothing. Let us both preserve our independance ; let us be united in heart—it is the only union that society will permit us to indulge.'

"'Anything farther is superfluous,' said Stephane, with dignity. 'I want not your alms, the labour of my hands shall be my support.'

"'In what a dilemma do you place me, between the indelicacy of giving an alms or the baseness of abandoning you !'

"'While I am between the infamy of receiving alms and the misery of servitude. A fine position this !' said she, folding her arms, with a ghastly smile. Here a moment of agonizing silence ensued.

"'Stephane ! Stephane !' cried he, 'I have more than once thought of ending the matter with my life, and you this moment place me in contact with the infernal idea of suicide.'

"'You commit suicide !' said she ;—'no—that is left for me who have no other resource but to imitate some of my predecessors in misfortune. Do you live on, for life still smiles upon you ; I often say to myself you are in the right, that our marriage is impossible, but more frequently I am the victim of the most agonizing tortures. I grant you cannot overcome existing prejudices, and I should only merge your destiny so full of spirit and vigour in the narrowness of my own as in a leaden shroud. You are right. . . But why did you love me . . . forgive me if I cannot forget.' She squeezed his hand, and disappeared in the obscurity of a winding alley."

We have lingered so long with these extracts that time and space begin to admonish us to hasten to a conclusion. Stephane wears out a wretched existence as governess to the young heiress on whom Fulgence has fixed his affections, and whom, after sundry perplexities and obstacles have been surmounted, he at length makes his wife. The Countess de Juviesy continued to seek, in the hurry of dissipation, some relief from the ill-temper of her husband and the tyranny of a profligate son.

As a contrast to these, we have a beautiful picture of the domestic felicity of the manufacturer Exupere, a felicity based upon the only principles capable of bestowing it—a conscientious discharge of the moral duties inculcated by religion in this life, and a firm, calm reliance upon its promises for the next.

THE SNOW-DROP.

How serenely the moonbeams sleep on thy pale breast,
 That lies like a star on the blue plains of rest !
 From the white-waving bed where thy sister bells lie,
 Thou wert pluck'd by an angel and dropp'd from the sky ;
 Or, while he lay sleeping where Zion's brook sings,
 The breath of a seraph blew thee on his wings.
 When the gold trumpets sounded; his pinions he spread,
 To sing the soft vesper, while thou to earth fled.
 Were Venus to gather a wreath for her brow,
 She would place in the front such a blossom as thou.
 But her love-mantled bosom would soil thy sweet head,
 When it rose with hot sighs thy soft bloom would be shed.
 The garlands with which her white doves she bedecks
 Are the snow-drops of heaven twin'd round their fair necks,
 Perhaps while Diana was braiding her hair,
 She took off her chaplet and thou didst bloom there,
 And hung thee upon a pale beam of the moon,
 Not deeming thy stem would dissever so soon.
 Thou but wav'd in the moonlight, then gracefully fell,
 And she now hath descended to gaze on thy bell.
 While thou deck'd her fair brow then like thee she was pure,
 And with sweet-lipp'd Endymion rested secure.
 Thou hast come to cheer earth, and then upward wilt fly
 To join thy companions, who dwell in the sky.
 O stay until summer, that fairies may sip
 The pure dew of twilight from thy virgin lip.
 Ere summer voluptuous comes reeking with haste,
 Thou wilt sleep with the snow in a region more chaste ;
 For the snow is thy sister, the flake in thy bell,
 Now dissolving in silence, loves with thee to dwell.
 Thou wilt hear the first note of the early lark come,
 Then mount on its music and haste to thy home.
 Thou hast come to make winter to mortals more kind,
 And wilt vanish with him like a thought from the mind.
 Farewell, gentle herald ! sweet angel of flowers !
 Too good and too chaste for this gross world of ours.
 While thy beauty can soften stern winter, sure we
 May gather a lesson of patience from thee.
 And when from this earth like thyself we are driven,
 May our brows be encircled with thy gems in heaven !

T. M.

A SCHOLAR'S "PASSAGE OF ARMS."

WE are, as times go, a scholar—though neither a denizen of Grub-street, nor yet an inhabitant of May-fair, nor a member of the Athenæum, and i' faith the other day we had a right scholarly adventure. The evening was wet, and our little parlour was snugly illuminated by a Sinembra, aided by a cozy sea-coal fire; and the old house-keeper, a very incarnation of *comfortableness*, had put the tea-things on the little table; we had our *Poetæ Græci* in hand, in which we had "*sicut est mos*" been spelling over the tit bits of "pure Simonides," and the glowing lyrics of the Lesbian lover, and thrilling through and through at the war songs of old Tyrtæus—when, lo! we became oblivious, heaven knows how long. Suffice it that we were restored to consciousness by a severe pain in the right leg. Well, we took a precicus long journey that evening sitting in our stuffed chair, though we were with our feet one on each hob, bachelor-fashion. Whether Merlin touched us with his wand, cannot now be said; most likely he did, and *presto*, we were a Spartan; troth we suddenly acquired a taste for black broth and flagellation, though as we were a ready-made man, the latter operation was not experienced. However we were clearly a Spartan of 2,567 years ago—that is, in the time of the first Messenian war, and, strange to say, we were in Messenia. We were wondrous wrath with those loose young Messenians, who behaved so rudely to our Spartan damsels, one of whom was our sister and another our betrothed bride—aye, marry, as lovely a girl as ever bound the sword of her true love to his side at his departure for the battle-field, or raised her shrill treble to laud and magnify the wars of Lacedæmon. Offer violence to such an one, we were overwhelmingly indignant—and true even in sleep to our old English propensities, we devoted the souls and limbs of every Messenian and Athenian who trod the earth of those two accursed spots to Phegethon and Styx, and Tartarus, in as good full-toned Greek as ever rung upon mortal ear. We thought of our beloved Teleclus to whom we had so often paid the homage of love and admiration; we thought of him reigning in the hearts of the Spartan brave, and proud and lusty, and right royal as he was—and anon we thought of him cold and dead, and mangled—and we said to ourselves—"who hath done this thing?" and it was answered "they of Messene;" and our blood boiled, and forth burst the volume of our rage in a torrent of execrations against the hated people who respect not the bravery of heroes, nor the chastity of women. Then we heard a report that they of Messene had not slain our maidens, but that certain of our heroes had arrayed themselves in the garb of women to surprise and assault them. Base, degenerate lie! when did the eagle array herself in the plumes of the dove to work mischief against the sparrow? These things must come to pass ere the Spartan clothe himself in the raiment of his women to engage his foe; sooth though it be, that in the bosom even of a Lacedæmonian woman throbs the

big heart of valor, such as the men of other nations wot not of. We vowed vengeance, and we were revenged; we devoted their cities and their people to destruction, and they were scattered—nay, had the gods smiled propitious, they had been dispersed before us as the chaff before the winds of heaven. Nine years had we lain before Ithome, and still we prevailed not. The Spartan knew now for the first time, what it was to the tigress to be withheld for a time from inflicting her just vengeance upon the base brute who hath done despite to her young. He knew now what it was to be wronged and to have the vengeance, which he knew was his of right, delayed by a stronger arm than his own interposed between himself and its object, for though delayed it was not to be withheld. The hearts of the besiegers did not fail them, for they of Lacedæmon know not what it is to faint; but all hearts were hardened, and as the storm bursts with greater violence after the short, still deathlike calm which precedes it, even so was it with us; the voice of mirth was silent, and a mantle of gloom was hung over the spirits of the brave, and all was sadness—not the sorrow of despondency, but the stern quiet of determination. At length arose one of our wisest and bravest and departed, and we saw his footsteps recede, and we asked not whither nor why he went—anon he returned and said, "we must beseech the Athenians to give us a leader." Then some of our young men lift up their voices and said "Never." But the elders knit their brows and frowned upon them, and he who had departed said—"The gods will it," so saith the oracle, and our young men were silent, for none but cowards and ideots despise the voice of the gods.

* * * * *

He from Athens came, and bitterness was in our souls, for in derision they had sent him, and he was lame and squinted, and a hump was on his back, and no sword was at his side, and no helmet was on his brow, and our young men surveyed him with their eyes, and stood in knots and conversed, in a low voice indeed, for the son of a Lacedæmonian must expire ere he complain aloud of the decision of his rulers, and there are none among them who dispute the wisdom of heaven; but still it was clear they desired not to follow such a leader, instead of a sword he had a pipe in his hand, and verily our wrath was like to burst the channels of our blood, so turbulently did it throb at the thought, that they had dared to send a player upon the pipe and a mime to lead the armies of Sparta. The elders and leaders of our people discoursed of war with him and Tyrtæus, (for so was he named) declared that he knew not the art of war, and they marvelled, but he had been provided by the gods, and mortals could but receive what was sent by them. At length it was determined to hazard another assault upon the city, for the tenth year had arrived and still we were before the walls of Ithome; and when we were about to march against the city, Tyrtæus stood up on an high place, and the pipe was no longer in his hand, but he had a harp; and our young men as they passed sneered outright, impiously saying within themselves, "who is this buffoon that was sent to lead the warriors of Sparta?" and Tyrtæus struck his harp and began to sing; and they stopped to hear him, and he sung thus:

There's not a man whose name in song of mine should have a place
 For prowess in the wrestling match, or swiftness in the race :
 Nor if he had the Cyclops' strength and eke their stature too ;
 Or Thracian Boreas himself in fleetness might out-do ;
 Nor if than e'en Tithonus were his beauty far more fair,
 Nor if his wealth with Eingras and Midas might compare ;
 Nor if than Pelops, mighty king, his power were more strong,
 And sweeter than Adrastus' voice the honey of his song ;
 Nor if, without a warlike soul all virtues he might have—
 For no man in the battle's heat can e'er be truly brave,
 Who steadfastly to look on deeds of slaughter cannot bear,
 And boldly front the foeman, man to man, and spear to spear.
 This, this alone is valour, and the best of gifts hath he,
 The youth to whom this gift is given most abundantly.
 To the city and the citizens he hath done a common good,
 Who in the battle's foremost rank unwavering hath stood.
 And he whose noble soul disdains to think of shameful flight,
 Who coming danger doth oppose with life, and main, and might ;
 And with courage e'en to perish can his comrade's heart inspire,
 In such a bosom truly glows the flame of martial fire ;
 And he whose single arm hath turned the phalanx of the foe,
 And made the stream of battle in another channel flow ;
 And fighting in the foremost rank hath sunk and fallen down,
 And a blaze of glory o'er his father's name and city thrown.
 Thro' the boss upon his shield, and thro' the breastplate o'er his heart,
 And thro' his noble bosom pierced with many a foeman's dart,
 His funeral cry of young and old, alike the voices swell,
 And his country for her hero mourns who fighting for her fell.
 And sacred is the tomb wherein his hallowed ashes lie,
 And his fame in generations yet unborn shall never die.
 No ! by the taint of death his name shall never sullied be,
 But ever shall enjoy the greatest immortality ;
 Whomever fighting manfully amid the dread affray
 For his country and his kindred, bloody Mars shall put away.
 But should it be his lot to 'scape the dreamless sleep of fate,
 And from the battle to return with victory elate ;
 O then with due respect to him, both young and old will bend,
 And to his course of honor, death alone shall put an end ;
 Old age shall have no cares for him, for reverence and right
 Will be his shield—but none to such a man would do despite.
 And in the theatre to him both young and old arise,
 And very proud is he whose seat the hero occupies.
 Go now, my friends ! let each one strive to gain this glory's height,
 With heart and soul intent upon the fortune of the fight.

The minstrel ceased, for he was now prodigiously exalted in the
 minds of those who heard him. We marched forward with a loud
 shout, our hearts beat with ecstasy ; we shouted amain—we heard a
 sudden crash as of a wall battered in we felt the pain of a wound
 which was as nothing in our character of a Spartan warrior, but
 which was abundantly sufficient to awaken us to the dull realities of
 this every-day world. Our housekeeper burst into the room with a
 shriek—"Lord deliver us !" cried she ; "why, Mr. Barnaby, if you
 have not broke every bit of that new china tea service, and thrown
 over the kettle, and broke the table and all ! O Lord ! O Lord !
 Surely my poor master is demented." All save the last clause of the

worthy woman's oration was true to the letter ; we had converted the parlour into Messenia. Our tea-table had become Ione, when Tyrtaeus ceased in our dream we had rushed forwards, throwing out our arms sideways and upsetting the tea-table, and sending our legs forward had put the left into the fire, and brought the full tide of wrath in the shape of a stream of boiling water upon the right. All this, O Tyrtaeus, we lay at your door—but be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee ; the bard who sung “οὐδὲ ἀνμνησάμεν” and “μὴ χρίσθαι κατακλιθεῖς” shall never draw an angry exclamation from the lips of a scholar.

B. B.

SUNSET.

I.

How beautiful is eve—so pure—serene,
Or when it gilds the front of feudal halls,
Buried within the thick wood's shadowy screen,
And sheds a lustre o'er the falling walls ;
Or when afar the outstretched clouds retire,
And roll their volumes vast in waves of fire ;
Or when embosomed in the seas of heaven,
The bright effulgence shiver'd, rent, and riv'n,
Capriciously, fantastically strays,
And forms a thousand clustering cyclades.

II.

Oh, gaze upon the sky ! behold ! on high,
Piled by the breath of the compelling wind,
A thousand floating clouds condensed, combin'd,
Veer their unknown dimensions curiously.
Beneath their outline a pale brilliancy
Flashes at times, as if a giant of the sky
Had drawn his sword of radiance suddenly.

III.

And still the sun, thro' masses piled and roll'd,
Pours his full tide of mellow light, that streaming
Gives to the humble cot a dome of gold,
And leaves the forest-trees all bright and gleaming ;
Or battles with the coming mists of night,
That from the east begin to wing their flight ;
Or on the dark green herbage falls, and makes
The spreading pasture gleam like fiery lakes.

IV.

So in the chequer'd heav'n a crocodile,
A mighty monster, flames along the sky,
With broad red back, and teeth in triple file,
And flashing eyes that glitter fearfully.
The wreathed clouds, in many a burning fold
Collected, form his scales of purest gold.

V.

Here rises a proud palace ; and anon
 The hush'd air trembles, and beneath the shock
 The mighty edifice is fled and gone,
 And tumbles into ruins vast, that block
 The far horizon's edge ; their cones are red,
 And downward hang above the wond'ring head,
 Like mountains overset, in furious strife
 Of hell's foul fiends against the sons of light.

VI.

Those clouds of brass, gold, copper, iron, lead,
 The hurricane's, the lightning's, thunder's lair,
 Where sleep with hollow murmurs, deep and dread,
 The grim destroyers of the earth and air ;
 'Tis the Almighty that afar on high
 Hangs them in masses 'gainst the vaulted sky,—
 Like the proud warrior that in feudal halls
 Hangs his dread arms on his ancestral walls.

VII.

Oh ! gaze upon the sky, and when the day
 Hath closed around, in every clime and hour,
 Let thy full heart's devotion long delay.
 Upon the veil that mantles o'er their power
 There's mystery in its beauty, and the dews
 Silently dropping from the stars diffuse
 A holy quiet, a sweet influence,
 That softens and exalts the purer sense.

Oh give me wings ! away—away
 I'll flee unto those realms divine,
 On earth I can no longer stay,
 No longer fancy and repine ;
 Oh ! let me seek another sphere
 Enough of doubt and dreaming here ;
 Enough of striving in the night
 To seize the mysteries of Heav'n,
 To catch the flitting forms of light
 For man's delusion only giv'n.
 Perhaps the voice that strikes my ear
 On high may echo deep and clear ;—
 Perhaps I there may find the key
 Of the great mystery concealed
 Beneath the universe, and see
 The secret of the world unveiled.
 Perhaps, to child of song tis giv'n
 To read that other book of Heav'n.

HENRI D'EGVILLE, OR, THE DUELLIST.

SHORTLY after my arrival on the other side of the Atlantic, business called me to the island of ——. Although my sojourn there was brief, and I was not possessed of a single introductory letter, yet I found no difficulty in getting into the most respectable society the place afforded. West-India hospitality, in those days, threw open every door to the stranger. "Times have changed;" and although the planters cannot say, "we have changed with them," inasmuch as they possess the same warm feelings as formerly, unfortunately they have no longer the means to indulge them. Things were otherwise in the times I speak of (1817): it was during that year, in the Island of ———, that I dined with a large party who were entertained by a merchant. The dinner was excellent, the dessert superlative, and the madeira, claret, and champagne exquisite. During the repast I was called upon to take wine with every gentleman in company (some twenty in number), and had the gallantry to pledge every lady present. After the dessert, the king's health was drunk, the ladies retired, and the *speechifying* commenced. We all assured each other that these were the happiest moments of our lives. The bottle circulated freely, and after several songs were sung our host proposed rejoining the ladies, when one of the party begged, ere we took our coffee, to call upon Captain Stewart for a Gaelic song. To this, our host acceded; but the Captain, a prepossessing, though somewhat melancholy-looking man, objected, for a very sufficient reason, declaring, that although a highlander, he had been educated at Edinburgh, and had been so little among his native mountains, that he could scarcely speak the language of his fathers, nor did he know one highland song. This answer satisfied all, save he who moved the call; this was a Mr. Henri D'Egville, a *ci-devant* colonist of St. Domingo, who, at an early period of his life, had escaped after the revolution in that island. He was a man, that at first view might be judged to have passed the meridian of life, on account of the dimness of his eyes and his furrowed brow: yet, on a second view, an observer would judge that he had scarcely reached that period. He was rather bloated and corpulent, and it was easy to perceive that the lustre of his eyes had been quenched rather by intemperance than time. Yet, with all these defects, his form and features bore marks of having been at one time handsome.

D'Egville insisted, in a peremptory tone, on Stewart's singing a Gaelic song. The host endeavoured to appease him, and proposed an adjournment. This would not satisfy the St. Domingian he became warmer on the subject; one or two of us interfered, amongst the rest myself. I was next to him, and his unreasonable ire was suddenly directed to me. Amid the confusion created by this unpleasant affair Captain S. put a period to it by declaring with a smile of good humour that he now recollected a highland song. Silence was restored, and to the tune of the "Highland Laddie," the captain sung the "Ode of Anacreon," commencing

"Οὐτισκερὰ ταυροῖς"

The effect produced by this witty ruse is indescribable. D'Egville's education, like most of those instructed in the colonies, was confined to one or two of the living tongues, and some of the exterior accomplishments ; so that the Greek ode passed muster very enough with him for Gaelic ; besides, his senses were rather obscured by wine. Two or three of the company understood the noble languages in which the bard of Namos sung, and could scarcely restrain their laughter at the whim of chaunting his lay to a Gaelic air. Three or four more of the party knew enough of the classics to find that Stewart was singing Greek : these smiled ; but the most interesting countenance to contemplate, was that of a Mr. Donald M'Phearson, a native of the Highlands ; he knew not a word of the dead languages, but he well knew that Greek was not Gaelic ; he displayed a gallery of faces ; at first he looked most profoundly mystified, not knowing what to make of the fine-sounding tones that Stewart was uttering. Then he seemed highly indignant at the insult the Captain was offering to his mother tongue ; but for the prudence of which most of his countrymen are remarkable, got the better of his patriotic ire, and he smiled in applause of the singular stratagem.

The Græco-Gaelic song ended ; a burst of applause followed ; none were louder in their approbation than D'Egville, who, drinking a large claret glass of madeira to the health of Stewart, said that the *Scotch* was a language almost as soft and musical as the French ; and requested the captain to translate his song. This request the captain good-humouredly complied with, by turning Anacreon's ode literally into English. D'Egville was so delighted at the gallantry of what he called the Highland poet's praise of beauty, that he shook Captain Stewart by the hand, who looked at the Creole with a very equivocal expression of countenance, which, the latter being "*Bacchi plenus*," could not observe.

Nothing particular occurred during the rest of the evening, when the party broke up. As my path home lay towards the sea side, I accompanied Captain Stewart on his way to join his boat, which waited to put him on board his ship—a fine West Indiaman, on the eve of sailing to Europe. He had been a master in the navy, enjoyed half-pay, and by permission of Admiralty, I believe, was now in the merchant service. During our walk I had some conversation with him, and congratulated him on his ingenious stratagem of substituting a Greek ode for a Gaelic song, diverting several of us, and at once satisfying and turning to ridicule the silly and impertinent demand of the inebriated French Creole. He told me in reply to a remark I made on his classical attainments, that at the end of ten years' service in the navy his trifling collegiate acquirements were nearly forgotten, but being in 1814 appointed to a signal station on the western coast of England, and having much leisure and little society, he renewed his acquaintance with his long-neglected friends of Greece and Rome, "one of whom, you see," he observed, "got me out of the ludicrous dispute with Mr. D'Egville ; but he is equally quarrelsome when sober ; one of his dangerous description should not be admitted into respectable society."

"Is he a duellist ?" At this question of mine the captain paused

in his conversation, and stopped walking: after a lapse of some time he said, with agitation,—

“ True, sir—most true: a duellist should be shunned by the worthy part of mankind. But yon wretched D'Egville is worse than a duellist: he is a murderer!—at least, so I account one who, by continual practice with the pistol, can hit the ace of hearts at fifteen paces—who, by being ‘out,’ as it is called, so frequently, is so accustomed to human destruction that he can make *bons-mots* and take snuff the moment before he pulls the trigger;—one whose talent for getting insulted is so exquisite, that he has been known to wear a new hat tied round with *rope-yarn* to attract notice, which notice he has resented, made into a quarrel, and finally brought to a duel. He has the blood of some twenty victims to account for!” I shuddered to think that I had been in companionship with such a cold-blooded assassin. “ Some villains have a conscience,” continued the Captain, “ but this man seems to have none; he is still on the watch for fresh victims, and seems never so happy as in the prospect of twelve paces and an opponent. I have heard of an assassin who declared that he could never look at a clock at the time the hands pointed to the hour when his black deed was perpetrated, but he beheld the face of him whom he murdered glaring at him from the dial.” Yet, strange to say, D'Egville having wantonly destroyed many, with a fiendish delight, seeks to add to his guilt.”—Stewart again paused, then added in a voice tremulous with emotion, “ while I, having in my youth slain one man in a duel, the remembrance is permitted to haunt me through life!” The remark was of a nature and made in a manner to preclude a reply: after a pause of some minutes, the Captain resumed—“ And yet, according to what is called ‘honour,’ I acted rightly. I sought not the quarrel. My fellow student, Cameron, in a theatre, brutally insulted a young lady: I interfered, and he struck me. I called on him for ‘*satisfaction* ;’ we met, and although I never before exploded an ounce of powder, at the first shot Cameron staggered, fell, and after a few struggles of agony ceased for ever to breathe! And yet the recollection of this event imbitters my days. Do I sleep amid night visions, I behold the prostrate form of Cameron writhing in death struggles, and hear the mortal rattling in his throat! Am I sick, low-spirited, or lonely, I see him with his smoking pistol dropping from his hand, staggering and falling! Often on a serene night, when the dark bosom of the ocean glittered with the moon’s rays, have I beheld his shrouded cadaverous form rise from the deep, and glide across the horizon;—plainly amid the howlings of the storm have I heard the short cry of agony, between a yell and a groan, that he uttered when this fatal arm slew him!”

We walked in silence some distance further, each busy with his own reflections, until I was preparing to take leave of my companion, when he invited me to go on board his ship, the “ Planter.” As the rain had fallen heavily that day, it brought a great cloud of musquitos, whose stings I could avoid by sleeping at sea; and my new friend had so won upon me, that I frankly accepted his offer. His gig was waiting for him, in which we embarked, and in a few minutes we ascended the accommodation-ladder. It was late, or, rather early,

that is to say, about two o'clock, and we retired to rest, the captain in his state-room and I in a cot in the cabin. I slept soundly, and the next morning was awoke by the steward, who acquainted me that breakfast was ready. A head-ache immediately informed me how I had spent the preceding night, to remedy which the Captain advised me to spend the day on board, where the air is much cooler than in town. I had little business on shore, and that little I felt no inclination to go about, so I followed his prescription.

The cargo of the Planter being completed, Stewart had little todo, so that the morning was spent in conversation, he being a great talker, and was, besides, what great talkers are not often—a deep thinker. It is true, he had some singular ideas, yet if not always just, they were original; he was sometimes erroneous, but never dull or trivial.

Who can that be coming on board, in a shore-boat? asked the captain, looking through his telescope. “As I live, it is that scoundrel Willthorpe,—“Captain Willthorpe of the Columbian service,” as *he* calls himself.

“Who may he be?”

“One of the Duellist's fraternity; report says he killed a brother republican officer, by the ingenious plan of loading his pistol with a ball cut in quarters, and joined neatly together. I can guess the purpose of his visit.” The boat came alongside, and a person enquired if the captain was on board; receiving an answer in the affirmative, he mounted the ladder. He was a young man of rather an effeminate appearance, to obviate which, he had cultivated immense whiskers, and a most warlike pair of mustachos. His head was remarkably erect, and his cheeks puffed out with affected importance; his gait was “would be military.” He wore a rather threadbare surtout, covered with enormous frogs, and a high black stock,—there was a mixture of formality, overstrained politeness, and military non-chalance in his address that reminded me of a private in the barracks, who affects to imitate his officer.

“Have the honour of addressing captain Stewart?” The Captain bowed assent.

“That, sir, being the case, sir, I ah—* have, ah,—to request, the honour of ah—a private interview, sir—”

“I cannot conceive that you have any business with me, that this gentleman should not be a party to.”

“May I presume to ask, sir, if—ah—this gentleman has the honour, sir,—ah—of being, sir, your *friend*?” This he said eying me, and laying a strong emphasis on the last word.

“Whatever this gentleman has the honour of being, can be of little consequence to you, sir;—will you be pleased to open your business?” At hearing this rebuff, Willthorpe elevated his head to its utmost height, puffed out his cheeks, pulled up his false collar, and then, formally took from his pocket-book, a note, which he handed to the Captain, saying, “Will you, sir, be pleased to peruse this,—ah, note,

* The Captain introduced a kind of drawling interjection between every five words.

sir?" Stewart took the note and read those words, evidently written by a hand whose nerves were none of the steadiest,—

"Le Porteur, M. le Capitaine Vilthorpe mon, ami est, chargé de
"l'affaire d'honneur entre le Capitaine Esteuarts et moi.

"HENRI D'EGVILLE."

"Well, Sir," said Stewart, after reading this brief epistle, "What does Mr. Henry D'Egville mean by this note? "He means, Sir, to send me to you as his friend, Sir, in order, Sir,—ah—that I may explain to you, Sir, that he conceives himself greatly insulted, Sir, by your conduct in regard to a pretended Gaellic song, Sir, last night at the table of Mr. Invoice, Sir; and not doubting, Sir, that he has the honour of sending to a gentlemen and a man of honour, Sir,—ah—he has requested me, Sir, to say—ah—that he hopes to have the pleasure of meeting you—at—to morrow at gunfire, on the beach behind Iguanna rock, Sir—ah."

"Mr. D'Egville shall *not* have the pleasure of meeting me as he calls it; by which he means the pleasure of adding me to the line of the score he has already *murdered*."

"Surely, Sir, that is not the answer you would, Sir, send to a gentleman—ah—whom you have insulted, Sir, ah—am I to understand that you refuse to meet my friend?"

"I speak, and you understand English;—do you wish me to send an answer in Gaelic or Greek to Mr. D'Egville?"

"Are you aware, Sir, that my friend Mr. D'Egville, Sir, will conceive you refusing to meet him to be effects of cowardice?"

"It matter little to me what the conceptions of your friend may be on the subject," said Stewart, with the admirable coolness he had preserved through the interview.

"And, Sir, are you aware, Sir,—ah—that my friend, Sir, thinking the—ah—man who would be base enough to insult him, Sir, without having the courage to meet him as a gentleman, deserves to be treated as a scoundrel. He will feel himself called on publicly to chastise you."

The choler rushed into Stewart's face at hearing this insulting menace; but in a moment he was cool. Putting himself in Willthorpe's attitude, and admirably mimicking his voice and action, he said, "Are you aware, Sir, that b, honouring me, Sir, by going down this accommodation ladder, Sir,—ah,—you will save me the disagreeable necessity, Sir, of pitching you, Sir,—ah,—overboard, Sir." This remark was made in such a manner that it provoked the mate, carpenter, steward, and two sailors, who had unperceived drawn within earshot, to a boisterous fit of laughter. Willthorpe coloured deeply, and tried to smile in contempt; but he looked, to use the mate's reading of a passage in Shakspeare, "like Patience on a leec-cat-head, smiling at a wet-swab."

"Let us tar and feather the unboiled lobster," said the steward. No sooner was this proposed, than, delighted with the suggestion, the people surrounded Willthorpe, and the mate bawled out, "Here, cook, bring the tar-pot; here's the devil to pay and no pitch-hot."

"Go forward!" said the Captain, in an authoritative tone: "how

dare you interfere with my quarrels!" The seamen reluctantly obeyed.

"I hope," said Stewart, "that Mr. Willthorpe will not again give me the trouble of protecting him from insult." Willthorpe thought the hint too good to neglect it; so, descending the ladder, seated himself in the boat, and, darting a revengeful look at the Captain, went ashore.

"I know not," said Stewart, calmly, "nor care I what may be said of my conduct; but having once shed the life's blood of a man, my conscience forbids my accepting any more challenges. I conceive life too estimable a gift to treat its Giver with ingratitude, by throwing it away to satisfy the fiend-like propensity of one I despise."

"Your resolution does you honour, but should he—" I was about to express that which I should not on recollection. I took the awkward course of stopping in the middle of my sentence.

"I anticipate your thoughts; you need not fear to utter them. You would inquire how I would act were this D'Egville to put in practice what yon cat-faced youth threatened. I have about my person the scars of five 'wounds in front.' These are honorable marks of my having served my country; three of those were obtained on board the *Victory*, the day that the greatest naval hero that ever the ocean bore exchanged a life of glory for immortality. These scars"—he displayed two on his breast as he spoke—"are too deep to be effaced by the hand of an inebriated duellist."

These resolutions were noble: (but, alas, for human nature) they were not kept. Within an hour of this conversation, Stewart had business on shore to "*clear out*" his vessel, preparatory to his sailing the following morning. Being free from the disorder with which I awoke, I accompanied him. After we landed, and while Stewart was giving orders to one of his seamen, D'Egville, who had waited for him at a corner, sprang unperceived and unexpectedly upon him with an activity that was surprising for a man in his state. He struck the captain with a small horsewhip across the face; and ere Stewart recovered himself, vaulted into his saddle and rode off. This was done in the presence of several persons. Never shall I forget the dreadful expression of Stewart's countenance. On ordinary occasions his features were handsome and so regular, that one might judge them incapable of strongly indicating any deep passion; but now they were inimitably and inexpressibly awful. The most violent indignation and the blackest wrath flashed from his eyes, and distorted every lineament of his visage, which became absolutely party-coloured with conflicting emotions.

After some minutes I lead, or rather dragged, him into my apartments; which happened to be on the ground-floor within a few yards of us. He was quite passive. I conjured him to moderate his rage; he seemed not to hear what I said, but burst into a terrible laugh. Tears are seldom shed by agony: groans, and even execrations, relieve it; but the laugh of wrath indicates the climax of human passion. After a pause, he walked, with a hurried step, across the apartment several times; then stopping short, called me by my name, and asked me if I was near. I answered in the affirmative, and he again

traversed the room; when he repaused, and said in a deep tone—"Yes, it shall be so; I will rid the world of a murderer at the expense of my life—Tropic, where the d—— are you?"

"Here, Sir." He grasped my hand with a force that brought the blood to my nails; and, looking me in the face said—

"Will you be my friend on this occasion?" To remonstrate with him for inconsistency in his present state of mind were madness: besides, I felt too indignant at D'Egville's conduct to attempt to pacify him. I, therefore, answered in the affirmative. "Listen then to the terms I intend sending this——" he paused for an epithet; but memory could not supply him any one with which he chose to designate his enemy. He briefly told me of the plan he had formed to rid the world of D'Egville, and at the same time sacrificing himself. His proposal was so dreadful, that after a pause I declined being his second.

"What!" said he, "you would be my *friend*, as it is called, and place me at ten or twelve paces for the assassin safely to destroy me?—no matter, I will seek some other—but where?—true!—No one will, perhaps, second a man who they are sure would be killed, so I'll meet him without a second. Willthorpe, the bullet-splitter shall officiate for both!" I was in a horrid dilemma. I had to choose between the alternative of seconding him in an affair in which both the principals were morally sure of being killed, or of leaving him to fall unattended by a friend—perhaps exposed to the machinations of Willthorpe, whose conduct and character were infamous. After a moment's consideration, a kind of hope whispered to me that Stewart would escape.

"I will be your friend," I exclaimed, "in this dreadful affair." He said nothing, but embraced me. "But hold! I must send four of our seamen to dig our grave; then write my will, and give directions to my mate—remember, the hour is six; and the place, on the beach behind Iguana rock. On no other consideration will I fight."

"I will recollect."

"Away, then!" I left him, sought the dwelling of D'Egville; and was ushered into his presence.

Although it was two o'clock he was at *déjeuné*; this repast consisted of a strongly-seasoned dish, called "pepper-pot," and a bottle of claret; on my entering he arose, bowed, and said, "*à votre service, Monsieur.*" I briefly thanked him, declined his invitation, and informing him that I bore a message from Captain Stewart. At hearing this his countenance brightened, and took a demoniac smile; anticipating my errand he said,

"Ah, he at length consents to meet me: I wonder a man of his former profession should give me so much trouble to make him act like '*un homme comme il faut.*'"

"You have rightly guessed the cause of this visit; and will, of course, have no objection to meet my friend, at the place that Captain Willthorpe proposed?"

"None whatever."

"It now remains with me to name the terms on which Captain Stewart will encounter you."

"Ah, bah! as to the terms, Willthorpe and yourself will settle them on the ground."

"Pardon me, sir; Mr. Willthorpe is a man with whom I wish to have as little intercourse as possible. I must, therefore, tell you how you are to fight." I then briefly related to him the preparations Stewart was making to insure his own and his antagonist's death. D'Egeville's face grew as dark as a thunder-cloud.

"I fight as a gentleman; I never turn butcher—I will not agree to those terms!"

"On no other will my friend meet you—you are an excellent shot, he is not; he, therefore, proposes to equalize the chances, or rather, to wash out your insult and his dishonour with the life's blood of both. Refuse to meet him on those terms, and there is no species of degradation but Captain Stewart will heap upon you.—Nay, sir, look not at me so menacingly, but give me your answer." D'Egeville eyed me from head to foot with a glance of contempt. I added, "I come not here, Sir, to have a personal altercation; but to know from you whether you dare meet my friend on those desperate, but fair conditions; or do you refuse his challenge?"

"I refuse a challenge? I, Henri D'Egeville, of Cape François, refuse a challenge? I *will* meet your friend, and on *his* own terms."

"Precisely at six, behind Iguana Rock."

"I will be there."

I bowed formally, and left him. As I quitted the house I heard him call out, "Jean Pierre, bring me my pistols; Louis, run and call Vilthorpe; he is next door at the billiard table."

At six the parties met, that is, D'Egeville, Willthorpe, Stewart, and myself, were on the appointed ground, behind an immense black rock, on the sea-coast in this place, had been dug by Stewart's people a grave capable of holding two bodies. The earth or sand that came out of it, had been removed to some distance. It was across the grave that the combatants were to hold a handkerchief, and fire at a signal; escape from death was hopeless. The glorious sun was just setting—Stewart took a melancholy look at the orb of day, assured of its being his last; methought I saw his lips move in inaudible prayer, yet his mien was firm—that of D'Egeville was sullen and immoveable. The pistols of our principals were loaded by Willthorpe and myself. The Columbian officer proposed tossing up a dollar to determine who should give the word of command to fire; to this I agreed, and he gave me a coin to decide the wager. I was suspicious of this man from what I had heard of him, and, therefore, glanced at the piece. It was fortunate that I used this caution; for it had two heads, and no reverse! it was the halves of two split dollars, so neatly joined that the eye could not detect it, but by looking carefully at the rim. Willthorpe, amongst other of his accomplishments, was a professed gambler; the trick of joining two heads, or reverses, of a coin, is an old one among the hopeful fraternity, called blacklegs. I felt certain that something unfair was to be attempted in giving the fatal word; I knew not, nor have I since discovered, of

what nature this was to be. Without seeming to notice the cheat, I turned the *ruse* against himself, by giving him, with dissembled carelessness, his dollar, and requesting him to toss it; he bit his lips with concealed passion, but could not refuse; I called "head!" and of course won. The growl of D'Egville, and his look of gloomy despair, confirmed my suspicions, and convinced me that he was privy to the plan, whatever it was, of his second.—The handkerchief was held by the parties across the grave, and the pistols were placed in their hands.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"—"Yes!" was their reply in low deep voices. I cast a look at the parties,—Stewart's looks were calm and firm; D'Egville's eyes gleamed wildly; his teeth were clenched, and he held his breath as if he mechanically tried to screw his "courage to the sticking pitch." A tremulous emotion was however visible on his lips, which increased. I paused,—and his agitation became greater,—I resolved not to give the fatal signal for a few moments. I still paused:—it was as I hoped:—the whole of the Haytian's features became distorted,—his teeth now chattered,—at first the handkerchief, and the pistol dropped from his paralyzed hand—his knees shook,—his legs refused to support him; he reeled and fell into the grave!

There he lay on the ground, having the appearance of one attacked at once by palsy and ague. Stewart sprang across the grave: but seeing the humiliating position of his enemy, threw down his pistol, and with an attitude, tone, and manner, that I never saw surpassed for dignity exclaimed,—“Poor fallen wretch! you are too much an object of pity to excite wrath.”

He was indeed a fallen wretch!—fallen as Satan,—but how unlike the dauntless “fiend that Milton drew.” Henry D'Egville, the dreaded duellist,—the slayer of twenty men,—who delighted in the prospect of a mortal combat more than a miser joyed at gaining a treasure, lay on the earth which his presence had too long polluted—its vilest and most despised creature,—shuddering like a falcon that I have seen within the reach of a serpent, while the terror-struck bird had neither the power of defence or flight. His acquaintance (friends this man had not) declared that his paroxysm of panic was occasioned by a long course of ill-health and debauchery—whether it was entirely correct I am unable to say. I hurried Stewart to his boat, which was some three hundred yards off, and we embarked,—leaving the prostrated D'Egville to the care of his friend.

Two of the boat's crew had been (concealed from our view) spectators to the whole of the transaction. So that when we got on board, they related all that had taken place. The Planter's crew, who adored their captain, received Stewart with the most heartfelt joy I ever saw. In spite of his remonstrances, they carried him round the decks on their shoulders, huzzaing like madmen. The news of the event spread through a whole convoy of merchantmen in the harbour. The crews of each vessel gave us three cheers, which was rep'ied to by the Planter's.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

ORIGIN OF THE TRADES' UNIONS.—The greatest feature of the past month is the meeting of the Trades, and forming a grand procession to petition the Government in behalf of six individuals, who had by their conduct rendered themselves obnoxious to the laws. Three of these persons in whose behalf this pageant was displayed, were, it seems, professed scamps, and it only seems a pity that the philanthropy of such a benevolent multitude did not take a range equally extensive as indiscriminate. Many an interesting sufferer is groaning away his existence in Newgate cells—at Brixton, too, how many are progressing but by slow and toilsome steps towards the period of their captivity. It is rather curious that the Trades should have chosen such an equivocal spot to await the result of their labours as the open space before Bethlem Hospital, commonly called *Bedlam*. Mr. Owen ought to be especially grateful that the gates of that valuable institution cannot be opened to every sufferer, else his philanthropical labours might that day have been brought within a less extensive sphere.

It is said that great effects sometimes spring from the simplest causes, and it may be curious to know from how simple a circumstance these formidable bodies of the Trades originated. It is well known that the waves of the sea are represented at the Theatre by blue or green stuff, spread over the stage, but before "Science had unlocked her golden stores" to the theatrical machinist, the heaving of the waves was enacted by sundry ragged urchins, who bobbed vigorously up and down beneath the artificial ocean, at the rate of sixpence a-night. Now these wavelets, thinking their services not sufficiently rewarded by so small a consideration, set their wits to work, and the next night, after the preliminary flash of lightning and growl of thunder, to the astonishment of all, the sea was unruffled as a mill-pond—flash succeeded flash, and peal after peal; the tempest raged—but the devil a wave stirred. Poor Farley ran about as one demented, but all to no purpose,—the waves had struck for wages! What was to be done? for now another storm was brewing, and on the wrong side of the lamps—the combination was successful—they obtained the shilling. But the result was not encouraging; for the indefatigable Farley, aided by the entire scientific talent of the Theatre, so adroitly contrived springs, pulleys, and lines, that ere another week the triumph of machinery was manifest—by his contrivances the waves arose in a more perfect manner than before, and the Unionists were therefore dismissed to seek fresh channels for their industry. This is the earliest Union and *strike* that we know of.

THE NEW PALACE.—When will this architectural Briareus be done growing?—year after year it is seen to be increasing in new members, either upwards, sideways, or backwards; but, like the penny show-

man's "wonderful *hannimal*," though it grows every year, "it is supposed it never will come to its proper growth." Is it to be spread out on the one side till it pushes that old tabby the Abbey "from its stool;" and on the other, till it takes Apsley House, with "the dear Duke" included, like a chicken under its wings?—for, at present, we see no likelihood of an end to it, though we could suggest one. Again we ask, when will this brick-and-stone monster of Mr. Nash's distorted imagination be finished?

"I do not know,"

Says the great bell at Bow.

"When we grow rich,"

Groan the poor of Shoreditch.

That will be long, we fear; but we are patient, and will wait. We have grown grey since it began; but we will welcome our inevitable "lean and slippered pantaloons," if Mr. Nash will but name the memorable year when this darling of his old age will be fit to be seen. We really long to behold the slabby-dabby baby of his brain standing "all alone," as the nurses say, without its pinafore, the hoarding, which now hides half its deformities—its overgrowth of body and distortion of limb. Well, we will live in hope some day to see it in all its parts—we will not say its parts, for it has none. At present, we are not certain which is its head and which its tail. But to return to our illustration of the penny showman,—his reply to the inquiry of his juvenile admirers, as to which was the lion and which the dogs, will be equally applicable in this particular, "whichever you please, my pretty little dears!" We have looked at its face till we were puzzled; and if that is its *back* which, as the late Lord Castlereagh would have said, *faces* Pimlico, we should think that, like the Hot-tentot Venus, its most remarkable *features* are behind. But again we promise that we will wait: we shall, no doubt, be better informed in the year 1844.

BURNS AND THE PHRENOLOGISTS.—Whatever else alters in this alterable world, Folly,—that adorable and adored god of nonsense, whims and oddities, and all idle crotchets,—is still "himself alone." He perhaps now and then changes the colour of his cap, and makes an unimportant variation in the placing and position of his bells; but the fashion of the cap is still the same, and the jingle-jangle of the bells is the same dull jargon of senseless sounds it ever was. His amusements may vary, as is natural to so capricious a genius in his way; but they are exactly of the same mental value, not a jot more foolish than they were—not a whit wiser. He, "good fool," holds on "the even tenor of his way," while all besides are striking out into new paths, and wandering this way and that, "in endless mazes lost." But he has his occasional new crotchet too; and lately he has taken it into his ridiculous head to become a phrenologist; and now no man who has had a double pair of meritorious brains can pay a visit to the Capulets—no one who has during the present century left his name at their door escapes the hands of our scientific friend with the bells. If an ingenious man is about to descend to the grave to-day, before

he goes he must have his head fumbled all over, and examined inside and outside, to ascertain of what stuff it was made—of what capacity it is, that the quantity of its contents may be gauged. If he descended there thirty years ago, and he can be got at, to work goes our phrenological professors' pickaxe, down goes his spade, and up again comes all that he wants to see of the dear departed—out come his calipers, and by the size of the premises he philosophically infers the capacity of the tenant. Pleased with his new feather, tickled with his amusing straw, he has lately paid a scientific visit to Dumfries, to superintend the disturbing of the sacred bones of Scotland's noblest poet, ROBERT BURNS. Poor Burns!—neglected in his life and at his death, he has had abundance of attention since: he wanted bread, and wanted it in vain, but he has had given him a quarry of stone: his living lips hungered for the manna of sustenance—no one offered it to him; they closed for ever and wanted it no more, and those who might have fed them have the hardihood to look in the fleshless face of him they famished. "Thus runs the world away." The remains of the luckless bard, which, when first bared to the light, looked as fresh as though the breath had but newly left the body, as if scorning the idle curiosity of these poking fools, crumbled in a minute into dust. But there was a feast still left in his bones: the head fell to the share of our phrenological friend with the bells, who very soon ascertained that it was much too large for *his* cap, and for the caps of his ten or eleven accompanying friends, though one of that number was no less a person than a *bailie*--that embodiment of all that is wise and grave. Folly has therefore made a discovery—that a man may have a large intellect and a large head. Previously to this, the little heads were carrying all before them. Lord Byron died in Greece, and none of the European friends about him could get his hat upon their heads. Sir Walter Scott died at Abbotsford, and not "a head in a' Scotland" could pull his bonnet over their brows. Large heads immediately hid themselves, and wished them diminished; the little ones poked themselves up in all public places; and hats of the bigness of a tolerable-sized tinder-box were all the fashion—a small hat becoming the outward and visible sign of an inward and significant head. But large heads, in consequence of this new light, begin to look up again; and we should not wonder very shortly to see hats increase and magnify to the size of sentry-boxes. The present age wants a present Erasmus to praise thee again, O most sweet Folly!

THINGS THEATRICAL.

THE commencement of the season, at the KING'S THEATRE, was not altogether such as we could have wished, or indeed had anticipated. If indeed we except the Rosina of Madame Caradori, and the Figaro of Tamburini, the rest of the performances scarcely rose above a respectable mediocrity. Still, however, we cannot withhold our thanks from Mr. Laporte for his exertions. In the first place he or-

chesra is admirably selected ; powerful in point of numbers, and comprising the first instrumental talent in this, or, perhaps any other country. And considering the difficulties under which the manager laboured in procuring artistes, particularly *Prime Donne*, it required no slight energies to produce an opera in a style at all worthy of the high character, and distinguished patronage of the King's Theatre. But this month has introduced not only Rubini, Tamburini, and Zucchelli : but also the far-famed Grisi, the Russian Ivanhoff, and a native artiste of very considerable merit, Mrs. Seguin. The former are too well known to require criticism.

La Grisi made her *debut* as Ninetta, in *La Gazza Ladra*. The English version of the same drama, *The Maid and the Magpie*, is familiar to all. Who is there who does not recollect the admirable acting of Miss Kelly in this Character ? And yet, with all her excellencies fresh in our memory, with our predilection for our countrywoman strong upon us, we must confess that La Grisi, as an actress, is fully her equal. In personal attractions she has an advantage which Miss Kelly did not possess : her figure is good, and her countenance full of expressive beauty. And not only is she an actress of genius and feeling, but also a finished singer of the very first order.

Her voice is a soprano, rather inclining to a mezzo soprano ; easily reaching from B^b below to the two octaves : rich, firm, and flexible. And it is quite evident from the purity of her intonation, the clearness of her articulation, and the perfect sustentation of its powers to the very fall of the curtain, that the beautiful organ has been carefully formed under the guidance of sterling masters. Her style is ornamented : richly but almost universally judiciously ornamented ; and her execution of her embellishments as certain, and as delicate as that of Centi, or Sontag. We could not but contrast her whole performance in our own minds with the meretricious school of *soi disant* artistes, who have of late attempted to pass off their tinsel ornament for genuine science.

Her delivery of the exquisite cavatina *Di Pique*, was, in many respects a new reading of that well-known song. Were we to criticize strictly, we should say, that in the commencement of the allegro movement, *Tutte somdere*, she seemed for a moment to forget the actress, in the singer, and sacrificed the bounding expression of elastic joy to the prolongation of sound. But perhaps we are hypercritical ; at any rate her duet with Giannetto in the prison, her parting with her Father, and her prayer before she is led off to execution, were as perfect as science and feeling could render them. They were triumphs of art—they were true out-busts of nature.

After such a display of excellence in a character so closely bordering on the tragic, we were most anxious to witness her representation of the heroic drama, and accordingly went to hear her as Anna Bolena. We know not why this opera was chosen, except it be that a comparison might be instituted between the *debutante* and Pasta. Otherwise as a whole it is very dull and heavy : it draws largely on the powers of the heroine to give it effect. La Grisi fully answered to the demand, and was to the full as successful as in the more popular and captivating composition of Rossini.

It has been said, we think invidiously and unjustly, that in this character she is little more than a copyist of Pasta. Do our brother critics recollect for the moment that the language of nature, the expression of nature, must necessarily be the same in all essentials? Is it therefore wonderful, that even without having seen each other, two great actresses, closely resembling each other, in their natural characters, and conformation of mind, should also resemble each other in the delineation of an imaginary personage? But there is one convincing proof to us that the performance of Grisi, is original and not a copy. A copyist imitates faults as well as beauties. Now it cannot be concealed that Pasta has her defects, some natural, others arising from the peculiarity of her style. Now in all the copyists of Pasta that we have ever heard, there is the same forcing of the voice, producing a degree of huskiness, and the same unnatural intonation, which we must consider as blemishes in the singing of this great artiste. But from these La Grisi is free. As we do not believe Pasta to be a copyist, so do we also believe that La Grisi is capable of originality of conception and execution. Pasta has hitherto been the undisputed queen of the musical drama, but she may have, she has a rival in La Grisi.

Ivanhoff is a young man *evidently* of Russian extraction. His face and person are decidedly *tramontane*; and we could almost fancy that his temporary residence in the southern climate of Europe had thawed a voice which would for ever have remained frozen under the ungenial influence of his native skies. It is not, as had been supposed, a *tenor*, but a species of voice usually applied to the *Opera Buffa*, and adapted for a range of characters and style of music requiring no great energy of passionnal expression, but demanding principally a considerable compass and flexibility.

He possesses taste and feeling, and having been a pupil of Nosari has received the best instructions in his art. He has already profited much, and if he devotes himself diligently to his professional studies will prove an efficient representative of those characters now filled by Rubini. Of his articulation we must speak in the highest praise, and he has the advantage of a firmness of voice, which the former great artiste does not possess.

Of Mrs. Seguin we speak with great pride and pleasure because she is an Englishwoman, and an *élève* of one of our English Institutions, the Royal Academy. She appeared for the first time at the Italian Opera as Jane Seymour in *Anna Bolena*. Comparisons have been drawn between her and Madame Caradori, but we will not enter into them for two reasons. We admire Madame Caradori too much to be thought for one moment to undervalue her merits; and when there is so great a disparity in the experience of the two rivals, a fair critic will be under great difficulties how to form a correct judgment. But we must compliment Mrs. Seguin, as well on the diligent study as on the correct conception of her part. She sang with taste, energy, and, above all, in very good tune. Will she forgive us for suggesting to her that if she has forgotten the lessons of her former masters, she would listen with advantage to the articulation of Ivanhoff.

A GLANCE AT LAST MONTH'S LITERATURE.

THE literature of the last month has been uncommonly dull. Novels and tales have burst upon us, nevertheless, with a fresh impetus, and one from Mr. James has been a treat to read. A certain class speak highly of a tale, or a novel, or romance, called *Rookwood*. The work can have scarcely as yet been seen, yet a system, and it is a peculiar one, has led the fashionables to believe that it is of uncommon interest. We may probably have a word, and a fair word (for we know nothing, whether evil or good, respecting it) to say shortly.

Scott's prose works are publishing in monthly volumes now; and three additional tomes are promised to the works of Byron.

Our critical pages will inform our readers of other literary matters.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE PARENT'S DENTAL GUIDE. BY WILLIAM IMRIE, SURGEON-DENTIST. JOHN CHURCHILL.

IN this little treatise, Mr. Imrie has conferred a real favour on all mothers, none of whom should be without it; by reading it they will save themselves many anxious moments, as the natural symptoms of infants cutting their teeth are fully and clearly explained, and the proper remedies pointed out. A work of this description was much wanted, as many of the little ailments attending the cutting of teeth are too often, particularly by young mothers, mistaken for complaints of a serious description. One great recommendation of this little work is, that it is diverted of all technical jargon.—We cordially recommend it to the attention of all parents.

UWINS ON NERVOUS AND BRAIN DISORDERS. RENSCHAW AND RUSH.

WE have seldom, if ever, read a medical work of such general interest as the one before us—some of the anecdotes are intensely striking. The chapter on the "Moral and Medical Management of the Insane," comprises a well-written digest of those rules which great experience in the profession, and considerable ability as an author, have enabled the Doctor to strike out for the relief of his species. The brain, that most subtle portion of the human frame, is almost the only one that science has not completely laid open. The learned Doctor deserves the thanks of every friend to humanity, for his endeavour to attack that last strong hold, and alleviate that most distressing of all human complaints—Insanity.

CURTIS ON THE PRESERVATION OF SIGHT.

WE had occasion before to speak in favourable terms of Mr. Curtis's larger treatise—we recommend his smaller work to all those who have eyes to preserve, or whose vision is defective. The observations on the choice of reading and eye-glasses are useful and valuable. In page 33, Mr. Curtis recommends persons frequenting the theatres to

be particularly cautious in using opera glasses, lest a previous party should have used it afflicted with ophthalmia. We much doubt whether any one labouring under that distressing complaint would encounter the glare of light in a theatre, or if they did, derive any benefit from the use of an opera glass.

THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE. NEW EDITION. MOXON.

PREFACED, as a Cockney scholar declared, by a *caputal* head of the well-known author, and beautifully and correctly printed. This edition bids fair to be a public favourite. We trust that when the six volumes are completed, Mr. Moxon will give us D'Israeli's other works, not forgetting that powerfully-written one *The Genius of Judaism*.

MACKENZIE ON PILES AND PROLAPSUS. EFFINGHAM WILSON.

THIS treatise, plain and intelligible, should be read by all who suffer with the above painful diseases. Numberless works, both ancient and modern, have been written on the subject, recommending various modes of treatment, but none appear to have been written by any one who had himself been a sufferer, till Mr. Mackenzie, whose work is really practical, being the result of ten years' suffering. Numbers who suffer from these distressing complaints are deterred from seeking medical assistance, from the idea that the operation is so painful, that the remedy is worse than the disease—all such should read this work. Mr. M. not only professes, but does effect his cures without the horrible operations of either excision or ligature.—We recommend all who suffer with these complaints to read Mr. M.'s work—they will then need no recommendation of ours to consult him personally.

PAXTON'S MAGAZINE OF BOTANY. ORR & SMITH.

A VALUABLE and useful work to the Gardener and Botanist, tastefully illustrated, and written so as to afford information.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MAGAZINE. LONGMAN AND CO.

THE name of Mr. Loudon appearing upon the title-page of this new periodical, speaks more in its favour than anything we can say. It is a work that has been long wanted, and from its admirable arrangement and the valuable practical information it contains, cannot fail to meet with success.

THE ROYAL PARISIAN PASTRY COOK.—MASON. WEST-STRAND.

Pastry is to the culinary art what poetry is to literature, the artist may leave the "dull reality," and wander over the "flowery fields," erecting temples of most sweet fabric, and anon with fairy-like ingenuity creating "wimpling brooks" of barley-sugar and wind-mills of white sugar candy—Within the dull limits of a three foot three pasteboard what glorious imaginings have been embodied, what

divine conception realized,—like the fourteen lines of a sonnet what a world of minds may not be shown within its narrow limits.—O rare M. Carême, we dared not trust ourselves with thy pages, until after a well ordered elaborate repast else should we incontinently have left our occupation and have sought the realization of thy shadowing forth at Jarrins or Vereys or some other feeble imitators of thy perfectability! — We are bold to say that the sins of M. Carême are neither few nor small. Many a contented John Bull has he seduced from his legitimate roast beef and his compound of flour and fat y'clept *pudding* to make him miserable by the tempting delicacies of *Croustades à la Moderne* and many a dame has he rendered unhappy for life by his *Macarroons soufflis with almonds d'avelines au sucre*.

M. Carême's work is perfect in its kind, and we have excellent authority for saying so; but as we cannot say more in praise of it than he does himself, we will transcribe his advertisement to the volume.

"This work, if I may be allowed the presumption of saying so, is absolutely new, and will throw additional lustre on our national cookery so long and so justly esteemed by foreigners. It was always valued and encouraged by the French nobility, the delicacy of whose taste rendered them so truly capable of appreciating fine-flavoured and excellent dishes; and to this cause, especially, may be attributed the well-known fact that our modern cookery has become the model of whatever is really beautiful in the culinary art. It has for ever eclipsed all that the sensual nations of antiquity were able to devise towards promoting the luxury of the table; and the art of French cookery, as practised in the nineteenth century, will be the pattern for future ages."

THE REVOLUTIONARY EPICK, BY D'ISRAELI THE YOUNGER.
MOXON. 4to.

WE would refrain at present from making any remarks on a *quarto* volume of an *Epick Poem*, of which merely the first part is before us. We may assure Mr. D'Israeli that we have read his work, and that when we had done so we flew to Blackmore with an avidity unknown before. We have perused Settle, Shadwell, Centlivre, and Behn—but never such stuff as this. Since Mr. D'Israeli has changed the look of his name, and revived old spelling, can he not change his style and write a new "Arthur," in four-and-twenty books! He is now fit for anything—he has been tried and has not been *found wanting*!

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, PARTS XLVI, XLVII, XLVIII.
BLACK, EDINBURGH.

A CONTINUATION of Professor Napier's magnificent undertaking, which promises, when completed, to be the most perfect, as it is undoubtedly the best conducted of its many rivals. The plates are beautifully and minutely executed, and highly creditable to the artists employed on the work.

THE OLD MAIDEN'S TALISMAN, AND OTHER STRANGE TALES. BY THE AUTHOR OF CHARTLEY, THE FATALIST, &c. &c. 3 VOLS., POST 8VO. BULL AND CHURTON.

THERE are in the whole of this author's productions a masculine vigour of thought and expression, and a freedom and joyous confidence of style, that are to us as new and refreshing as they are piquant. He is evidently no stranger to the world and its ways—Cockaigne is his peculiar kingdom, and a rich revenue of whim, fun, and oddity does he draw therefrom. He seldom ventures into the chilling and stilted regions of highflown sentiment, although the principal tale before us contains ample evidence that he can, when he pleases, delineate the softer and more refined subtleties of the human heart—but Thalia is his goddess, and in her he takes great delight. We can safely recommend all those who relish, in these ticklish times, a hearty laugh (which is worth something), forthwith to betake themselves to the serious perusal of these volumes. We seldom read novels throughout now-a-days, for we wax old, and Scott is dead; but there is an irresistible something in the pages before us—a laughter-loving sprite, which dances from leaf to leaf, like Will-o'-the-wisp, until it fairly swamps us in the unwelcome wind up "Finis;" we felt inclined to say with honest Caliban—

"More!—give me more!—this is divine!"

And, truly, the oftener the author of "Chartley" renews the pleasure they will derive from "The Old Maiden's Talisman," the better for his admirers—which are, or ought to be, all admirers of sound literature.

THE NEW SHORT-HAND STANDARD.—BY THOMAS MOAT..

MR. Moat has devoted much time and ability to a most arduous undertaking, and we are glad to bear testimony to the complete success which has crowned his exertions. The compilation of a new work on short-hand, and that too with only two-thirds of the characters hitherto used by the most accomplished stenographers of the day is deserving the warmest commendation. The author in explaining his reasons for his labourous undertaking says—

"Having had our attention drawn to the study of short-hand writing, at a very early period in life, and finding the system by which we were taught (Mr. Byrom's), what we then conceived in many points defective, it has afforded the pleasurable amusement of upwards of five and thirty years in revising the apparent errors and inconsistencies of that system; and in searching in, and collecting from, every other treatise that we could meet with (having in our possession upwards of sixty different publications on the art—which is, perhaps, as large a collection as is to be found in any private library), we have ample means of investigation, and have been furnished with every opportunity of approaching somewhat nearer to the attainment of the desideratum of perfection, which may lead to a standard, than has hitherto been produced.

"Ample, however, as those means have been, we have found much objectionable in every system—all capable of improvement; and that, in order to aim *perfection*, it was absolutely necessary to move independantly of all, and to create a *new system*."

The new system which Mr. Moat has introduced is founded upon an "Analysis of the Circle," which so simplifies the art that a speaker can be followed in one-third less time than by any other system. Those who may feel disposed to study short-hand either as a profession or an amusement would save much time and labour by consulting "THE NEW SHORT-HAND STANDARD."

A HISTORY OF FRANCE. BY MRS. JAMIESON. 4TH. EDITION. EDWARDS.

A fourth edition of Mrs. Jamieson's truly valuable work! Does this require comment from us?

CUNNINGHAM'S EDITION OF BURNS, VOL. 4. COCHRANE AND M'CRONE.

This work goes on—or rather goes *off*—with all the speed that editor, publisher, or well-wishers could desire. Burns seems now to be living a new life. His name is in every-one's mouth, and he who does not possess a copy of this edition finds himself in society as erst were those who perused not the "last new novel by the author of Waverley." Mr. Cunningham in addition to the immense stores of explanatory matter he brings forward to illustrate the text, displays a generous enthusiasm in the undertaking which will doubtless endear his already high name among a class whose good or evil report has much weight—the peasantry of his native land. Among those emphatically termed "the reading public" he is already sufficiently celebrated for all the purposes of immortality.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF VARIOUS NATIONS. BY WILLIAM J. THOMS. PART 2—FRANCE. COWIE.

In a note on "Dobénéks Version of the Fair Melusine," the editor of this work says, "we have spared ourselves the trouble of translating this version by borrowing it ready made from Keightley's Fairy Mythology." Now, we would have spared him the trouble of racking his classical brains to translate any of the rest, by referring him to the cheap and valuable editions of these "Legends," which have, from time to time immemorial, been published by those ingenious and erudite friends of children, Messrs. Harris of St. Paul's Church-yard and Limbird of the Strand, where he will find them done into superior English at the cheap and easy rate of one half-penny each with coloured plates, *ad libitum*.

In sober truth, a more nonsensical compilation it has seldom been our lot to meet with. Mr. Croker and Mr. Keightley in their respective ghostly undertakings have at least brought witty and poetic imaginings to aid the spells of their fairy lore—but Mr. Thoms seems content to usher his lays to the world's notice in retaining as much of the dull garbled doggrel of the original as the most determined stickler for literal translations could desire.

MISCHIEF.—SECOND SECTION. LONDON. MOXON.

A perusal of the preface to this *thing*, in which there is some ma-
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lignant and mean abuse of the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming," effectually prevented us from wasting our time upon the succeeding pages, which, we take it, are conceived in the same generous spirit. The author may, if he pleases, find the copy he sent for review at our "facetious publishers."

THE ROMANCE OF ANCIENT HISTORY. FIRST SERIES—EGYPT.
2 VOLS., POST 8VO. COCHRANE AND M'CRONE.

IF these volumes did not possess in themselves the *elixir vitæ* of life—if they were not intrinsically well digested, entertaining, and instructive—even then the critic would be disarmed when told that they are the production of one who never knew the blessing of sight, who dwells in hopeless blindness in a world where he can only be cheered by the converse of friends and the invaluable blessings of memory. The present to him is a vast blank—the past teems with visions of poetry which a graceful and classical imagination has given to the world in a simple and affecting garb. May his solitary hours, say we, be hallowed who devotes his talents to the edification and instruction of his more fortunate brethren; and may that "light from heaven" which so eminently guides his pen be to him more than the light from which he is for ever excluded, and cheer him in his "dark day of loneliness!" We had marked many passages as extracts, but our limited space precludes us, for this month at least, from indulging in the gratification. So we leave the work to its fate, conscious that its own modest and unassuming merits will pilot it safely to public favor among its more gaudy and assuming contemporaries.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. BY HUME AND SMOLLETT, WITH A CONTINUATION BY THE REV. T. S. HUGHES, B.D. VOLS. I., II., III., VALPY.

ANOTHER of those revivals of our sterling English literature, for which the world is already so largely indebted to the fine taste and laudable enterprise of Mr. Valpy. In the present rage for monthly issues, no work in the whole range of the *belles-lettres* could have been more appropriately selected, as assuredly no one will be more widely disseminated. Beauty of type, correctness of text, and elegance of illustration, are not wanting in this edition to render it worthy of its predecessors and numerous rivals. Mr. Hughes, the learned editor, has hitherto had an easy task of it, or rather he has had no task at all, for his labours do not commence until the elder historians lay down their pens; and he must be a bold man who would assert his right to reign in their stead. However, we shall not pre-judge: from what we have seen and heard of his efforts we are disposed to believe that the important task will be executed with talent and research; he cannot, at all events, complain of paucity of *materiel*.

LETTERS AND ESSAYS IN PROSE AND VERSE. MOXON.

THIS volume of Essays is understood to be from the pen of Richard Sharpe, Esq., better known by the name of Conversation

Sharpe, the friend of Fox, Horne Tooke, and Canning; Lord Byron has spoken of him as "a man of elegant mind, who had lived much with the best."

We have been disappointed with the perusal of these letters—there is no subtle reasoning or opinions that may be called original or striking in them; but they are full of pleasing sentences and elegant remarks, equally elegantly presented to us; no word seems to have been placed on the paper without consideration on the form of the passage; and with this pondering the volume has become full of what may be designated *tesselated* pages,—the word is weighed by the weight of its predecessor, and the stone is cut so as to be uniform with the piece before it.

We will quote one or two passages which we have marked during the perusal of this work:—

"I am inclined to think as you do of Dryden and Pope," Mr. Sharpe writes to a young friend at College. "The former seldom seems to do his very best; the latter always. Of course the reader thinks Dryden above his works, but not so as to Pope. Yet to be honest, let me ask who does not read the latter's verses most frequently, and remember them better too? Indeed, we have them by heart."

There is much truth in this sentence; but we read Dryden's *Mac-Flecknoe*, his *Absalom and Achitophel*, and his *Epistles* as often as we do any pieces of Pope's. Dryden was by far the greatest genius, and may be compared to an immense mass of ore,—the ore in Pope was at first smaller, but afterwards became refined. There was dross in Dryden, but none in Pope. Pope is never off the earth, Dryden frequently

"Rides on the vollied lightnings through the Heavens:"

they are at the same time the most like and most unlike of poets.

Johnson thus commences his imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal:—

"Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."

Dryden and Pope would have been satisfied with the second line, and would have avoided both the tautology and pomposity of the first. Cowper has committed the same fault when he exclaims—

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless *contiguity* of shade."

He should have stopped at the end of the first line; or, if he wished to dwell on the intensity of the retirement, he should have rejected the swollen word *contiguity*. Even "some boundless and impenetrable shade" would have been better.—p. 36.

The above criticism is just with respect to Cowper, and we think Mr. Sharpe's amendment a great improvement; but the criticism does not wholly stand true in the passage from Johnson. Both Dryden and Pope would have omitted the first line, especially Pope; for of all poets he is most free from superfluous words: but had the doctor merely said,

"Survey mankind from China to Peru,"

that one line would not have told us that the "view" required was to be "extensive." But Dryden has a line near to the point—

"No longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enraged desire;
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at every house his threat'ning fire."

To "*O'erlook his neighbours*" one would almost consider was a "*survey*" sufficiently "*wide*." Mr. Sharpe thought so well of his remark that he retailed it to Byron, who entered it in his Journal, stating that the first line was "heavy and useless." Read the first six lines of Pope's *Iliad*, and you will find a useless word in each line.

In the same letter Mr. Sharpe has borrowed a truth from Johnson. "Its (poetry) character, its very essence, being to give pleasure."—p. 37. Let Mr. S. read the Preface to Shakspeare, and he will see that the end of all poetry is to please.

Mr. Sharpe says, in writing poetry, "an irresistible and peculiar genius is indispensable." This struck us as remarkable when we read the latter half of this volume.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET; WITH CRITICAL NOTICES OF HIS WRITINGS, BY GEORGE ALLAN, ESQ. EDINBURGH, THOMAS IRELAND, JUN.

MR. ALLAN'S *Life of Scott* may not unaptly be termed an immense storehouse of anecdote for all future biographers to select from *ad libitum*. Much of his work, necessarily, is compilation; partly from those delicious snatches of autobiography which Sir Walter scattered here and there in the various editions of his works, and partly from the thousand-and-one anecdotes reported from the pens of his exceedingly good, but somewhat over-curious, friends. The present biographer seems to have a thorough knowledge of the Scottish literature of the nineteenth century, and a tolerable smattering of that of Germany. Were we to judge, from his extreme minuteness on points judicial, we should say he was one of those praiseworthy *noblesse de sa robe* of "*Auld Reekie*," who contrive to eke out the somewhat scanty fees of the outer house. He has certainly written his book with much skill and industry; and no one could have made more of the superficial materials he had to draw from than has Mr. Allan.

Were any one, however, to write with the pen of an angel upon this subject, his effusions would be but coldly received. Lockhart's *Life* is looked forward to by all classes with eager impatience; and, in proportion as the public are kept on the tenter-hooks by the somewhat protracted delay of this work, so will they reject any attempt to propitiate them with "a sop in the pan." We wish sincerely well to Mr. Allan's book, but we doubt much if his evidently laborious task will meet with the encouragement which it undoubtedly deserves.

FINE ARTS, &c.

By the appearance of this our number for May, the rooms of the Royal Academy will have been made public. The series of portraits, the mass of landscapes, and the poverty of historical pieces, will have attracted the serpent eyes of the critics; our newspaper pages will be crammed with lengthened notices, our artists will be quarrelling, and the whole, and not little world of the Fine Arts, will be in arms—cursing the ranging committee, and the ill-will of various members.*

We hear much of Wilkie's pieces, a full length of the Duke of Wellington—an unrivalled picture, entitled "Not at Home"—a Spanish Lady on a settee, with her child fondling round her neck—a full length of the Queen, and a portrait of the late Sir John Leslie. Allen's powers will be shown as on the increase, and, by-the-by, may we ask the Academicians why Mr. A. is not an "Esquire?" The members will understand what we mean!

Leslie, the painter, is on his return from America; the land of the Jonathans, and his native land have not realized one-half of his expectations.

Mr. Murray has published two or three numbers of his "Landscape Illustrations to the Bible," from drawings by Turner, Callcott, Stanfield, and Roberts; and engraved by the Findens. Though since the days of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the judges, the scenes must have materially changed, yet one still feels an inward glow at beholding localities so hallowed to us all. The views are well handled and cleverly engraved.

Mr. Westall, the Academician, and John Martin, have tried their hands in embodying the actions of our forefathers, and imagining chaos and the flood. To many these designs will be more welcome than Mr. Murray's, or rather Mr. Finden's, Illustrations; numerous old ladies love to see the deeds of Scripture placed before their eyes, with the painter's and engraver's magic skill; and Messrs. Bull and Churton have allowed them to do so cheaply—for here are eight engravings for one shilling! not forgetting some clear descriptive writing by Mr. Caunter, whose pen we recognize from our acquaintance with the "Oriental Annual."

Mr. Alfred Martin, eldest son of the great painter of that name, bids fair to tread successfully in the path of mezzitinto engraving; we only trust (and our wish is not wicked) that young Mr. M. will not tread on the feet of his father. His Queen Esther is lucidly touched, and everywhere very skilfully finished. It forms a nice companion plate to his father's famous series of Bible Illustrations, which have been for some time in the course of publication.

Nos. 7 and 8 of Mr. Major's Cabinet Gallery deserve the attention we paid to some former parts. We find no reason to diminish our praise; the engravings are wonderfully executed, and the letter press, for criticism and general knowledge, altogether unequalled.

* In our next we ourselves will have a word to say upon the Academy, and the Academy exhibitors.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The fourth Volume of Allan Cunningham's edition of 'Burns' has just appeared, containing many Original Poems hitherto unpublished; illustrated with beautiful Engravings. By COCHRANE and M'CRONE, Waterloo-place.

MR. MONTGOMERY MARTIN has in the press the second volume of the 'History of the British Colonies,' embracing our Possessions in the West Indies; in which the actual state of those valuable Islands will be fully developed, from Official Documents furnished by authority.

Preparing for the press, under the direction of his Executors, a uniform Edition of the Works of the Rev. DANIEL ISAAC, including his latest Corrections, and several Posthumous Treatises, never before published; together with a Memoir of his Life.

'Brother Tragedians,' a Novel, by ISABEL HILL, is to be published early in this month.

'Archæographia,' a series of Papers relating to, or connected with, the History and Chronology of Ancient Nations. By ISAAC CULLAMORE, M.R.S.L.

'The Life of a Soldier.' By a Staff-Officer.

'Two Years at Sea;' being the Narrative of a recent Voyage to the Swan River, Van Diemen's Land, and thence through the Torres Straits, by Miss Jane Roberts.

'A New View of Time.'

'Dalrymple on the Eye.'

'Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall.' By the Author of 'Darnley.'

'St. John's Travels in Egypt.'

'Keightley's Crusaders,' Vol. II., with Maps and Views.

'Brereton's Catechism on the Seven Sacraments.'

'The Conspiracy.'

'Harivel's Classification of all the French Verbs.'

'A Guide to the German Language.' By PROFESSOR BRAMSON.

'Popular Tales and Legends of the Irish Peasantry.' By S. LOVER.

'The Faithful Friend.'

'Witherspoon on Regeneration.'

'Modern History.' By J. H. DRAPER.

'The Art of Being Happy.'

'Draper's Life of Penn.' with Maxims.

'Hooker's North American Flora,' Vol. I.

'Gutzlaff's Three Voyages along the Coast of China.'

'India.' A Poem.

'The Book of Penalties.' By the Author of the 'Cabinet Lawyer.'

'Doyle's Flower Garden.'

'Crook's Dictionary and Plan for the Remembrance of Numbers.'

'Norway, Views of Wild Scenery, and Journal.' By EDWARD PRICE.

'Pastorals of the Seasons.' By HARRISON CORBET WILSON.

'Sacred Classics: Bishop Hall's Select Works.'

'Mrs. Austin's Translation of Cousin's Report on Education.'

'Elementary Art; or, the Use of the Lead-Pencil Advocated and Explained.' By J. D. HARDIN.

'Douglas D'Arcy; or, some Passages in the Life of an Adventurer.'

'Lives of the Necromancers.' By WM. GODWIN, Author of 'Caleb Williams.'

'The Royal Parisian Pastrycook and Confectioner: from the Original Edition of Carême. Edited by JOHN PORTER.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

IN the present state of the atmosphere, an Agricultural Report is merely the notice of a long-protracted, unfavourable season, of the continuance or periodical repetition of which, we expressed an apprehension in our last. The easterly winds and night-frosts still continue, in despite of all the auguries that can be drawn from the *phases* of our lady the Moon, who very seldom makes any scruple of deceiving those who place confidence in her. Notwithstanding every disadvantage, however, the usual routine of the season was observed, and all the various seeds were committed to the soil, those on the heavy lands especially in a far better state than could have been expected, an advantage derived from the drought and *dust* of March, which, on the other hand, proved injurious to much of the dry, thin, and poor land. In some parts, the barley sowing has been late, and must extend to next month, for its completion. Of course all the spring crops, though above ground, are backward, yet in appearance are to the full as healthy as could be reasonably expected; and should a truly genial season succeed, may yet produce an ample return. The wheats on cold, heavy lands, are indeed much checked in their inordinate growth, and discoloured; but on warm soils, retain a freshness of green, indicating thus far no considerable damage, but the blooming season may be critical. The wheat market, for a considerable time, has undergone very little variation, and the continental markets, accustomed to depend on the export to this country, are in a very stagnant state, the speculators being under the necessity of holding their stock, for an opportunity of disposal here; for though their last crop was not equally productive with ours, they still possess a surplus, which will be ready for any demand from hence, and which will generally prevent any considerable rise in our markets, though, after all, many calculators insist that our last crop was below an average. The statement of our case, a case of *daily bread*, is as follows, *pro. and con.*:—the price of bread-corn in England is nearly double that of France, and of the various countries on the Continent; yet a certain eminent agriculturist, who now and then publishes his sentiments on the subject, has lately hazarded the opinion, that the present price of corn is too low, at least such is the obvious import of his words. The question is, can our population support a higher price? As for the weight of taxation borne by the two opposite parties respectively, there seems much discrepancy. The manufacturing and commercial interests, according to the representations of our economical writers, have ever been the largest contributors to taxation, whilst it appears from the property-tax returns, that, with regard to such tax, the agricultural classes contribute to the state more than three times as much as the manufacturing and commercial classes of every description united. Probably, however, such test is not decision of the question. Another strange anomaly occurs from the complaints of distress and want in the Metropolitan operatives, as contrasted with their appearance in the late splendid procession, to present their rejected petition, by which most extraordinary and extravagant act, their conjuring leaders completely and finally deposited radicalism in the dust. A better warning could not have been given to the middle and property classes. As a counterpart, on the commencement of reform, universal suffrage was nearly the order of the day; up starts horrible incendiarism, and universal suffrage is no longer heard of. Men who hold a stake and property in the soil, would scarcely be inclined

to assign to cowardly and treacherous midnight incendiaries, a vote in the disposition of public affairs.

We continue to be rather exporters of wheat, but the import of seeds and of provisions from the Continent and from Ireland, is proceeding at the usual very extensive rate; and the question has been very gravely asked, but for such assistance, how would our great and increasing population be supported. Ireland, however, seems to have so closely drained her stock of pigs, that the articles of pork and bacon, so lately depressed in price, are now taking a sudden turn of advance, which is supposed probable to continue. The wool market, on the other hand, having reached its speculative maximum, has, since our last, exhibited obvious symptoms of decline, which is expected to proceed, but of which more will be ascertained at the approaching shearing season. Some sheep farms, by way of taking time by the forelock, have sent their sheep to market, *naked*, certainly not to the improvement of the mutton, during so cold and ungenial a season. The Bill in favour of the new Islington Cattle Market, in order to put an end to the public disadvantages, losses, and deterioration of the flesh of animals, is, it seems, opposed by the whole of the city authorities; so little mutuality of feeling is there between public and private interest. We have never yet heard a London butcher, who could be brought to speak his mind, say otherwise than that the change would be infinitely for the public benefit. We hear but little from the hop market, and still less of the growing crop. Hops have not been of late that grand article of speculation which they constituted in days of yore. The Ministers' Tithe Bill is not very probable to give general satisfaction, though we really believe that, like most of the acts of the present Government, it is the best that the Noble Lord has the power to carry through the Houses. Mr. Lennard's meditated improvement of the Game Laws is most just and advisable; for surely, it savours too much of the tyrannical and selfish spirit of the ancient system, to deprive the farmer of a share of the game fed at his expense.—The repeal of the House Tax, at first expected to take place in the present month, it seems will not do so, until the 5th of October.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lb.—Beef, 2s. 1d. to 3s. 4d.; Mutton, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 10d.; Lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.; Veal, 3s. to 4s. 4d.; Pork, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d.; Dairy do. to 4s. 8d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 38s. to 59s.; Barley, 25s. to 31s.; Oats, 17s. to 23s. The London loaf, 4lb. Hay, 55s. to 84s.; Clover do. 65s. to 90s.; Straw, 30s. to 36s.

Coals in the Pool, 15s. 6d. to 21s. 6d. per ton.

Middlesex, April 21.